HARPER'S WEEKLY
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A DESPERATE CHANCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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WHY HILL MUST BE DEFEATED.

THE nomination of DAVID B. HILL as a candidate for the Governorship of this State, effected as it was by an irresistible rush of sentiment in the Democratic State Convention, has, we are glad to know, set a great many good citizens belonging to the Democratic party to serious thinking. They remember that last year one MAYNARD was defeated as a candidate for the Court of Appeals by a majority of more than 100,000 votes; that MAYNARD was thus buried beyond resurrection because of the popular belief that by a felonious transgression of the law he had aided in the falsification of the result of an election, and that the people by this crushing verdict expressed their condemnation not only of the crime in question, but also of the monstrous outrage committed by the politicians who had insulted the citizens of New York in asking them to drag the judiciary into the mire by putting a confessed criminal upon the Supreme Bench of the State. It is remembered, also, that DAVID B. HILL, then Governor of New York, had not only approved of the foul deed done by MAYNARD, but had actually instigated it; that he made himself the public apologist of it; that he induced his successor, Governor FLOWER, to appoint MAYNARD to fill a vacancy in the Court of Appeals; that it was his influence that prevailed upon the Democratic Convention to nominate MAYNARD for a place on that bench, and that he thus attempted to seat MAYNARD in the highest tribunal of the State just *because* MAYNARD had committed a criminal act at his behest.

All these things are fresh in our memories. No fair-minded man will doubt that in the commission of the iniquitous act for which MAYNARD was so overwhelmingly condemned, HILL was the principal and MAYNARD only the tool. And now, after having punished the tool with political annihilation, the people of New York are coolly asked to elect the principal, by far the more guilty of the two, to the highest office in the State. This is the deep disgrace to which this nomination invites us—a disgrace deeper, in fact, than the election of MAYNARD would have been. No wonder that many thousands of Democrats find themselves again in the throes of a severe conflict between their consciences and their party spirit. And if there was one reason for deciding this conflict against MAYNARD, there are ten for deciding it now against HILL.

No patriotic Democrat will make up his mind as to his duty to his party and to his country without having considered what the inevitable consequences of HILL's success in this election would be. There is no rascal in the Democratic party of New York that is not his friend. There is no organization whose object is plunder, and whose method of political warfare is fraud, that does not look up to him as its natural champion. And justly so. As he in MAYNARD's case sought to clothe crime committed at his behest with the judicial ermine, so he would, if elected to the Governorship again, exhaust all the resources of his cunning and all the powers of his office to fasten the yoke of Tammany Hall upon the neck of this municipality, and the yoke of the State machine upon the State, more firmly than ever. Tammany and the machine, with all the subservient rings of public pilferers, would, after such a victory of their idol, feel themselves thenceforth safer than ever against any attempt to drive them from power, and their insolence and rapacity would know no bounds. The Democratic party would helplessly be given over to the undisputed mastery of its worst elements, and the people of the State be delivered hand and foot to the mercies of organized crime.

But there is another reason equally grave why HILL's election should be resisted to the utmost by every Democrat who has the good of the country and his party at heart. Outside of the State HILL's character is not so well known as it is here. By many Democrats in other parts of the country he is simply looked upon as an unusually smart politician, whose peculiar abilities command success, and who could not have risen to his present station without making enemies. If he should now be elected in spite of the revolt in his own party, the prestige of such a success would give his candidacy for the Presidency, which so far appeared only as the dream of disordered ambition, the character of something possible, and of something earned by party service. The time-serving element in the Democratic party, which is by no means small, especially among the professional politicians, would see in him the man of the future, and give him a personal following in the country and in Congress large enough to command consideration. A great many Democratic Congressmen would come to him for orders as to the policy to be followed, and from that moment on President CLEVELAND and his administration would, as things of the past, virtually be reduced to a mere perfunctory existence; their influence in the party would be broken, and the principles and aims of which CLEVELAND and the best class of Democrats are the representatives would be ruthlessly overruled by the dark ambitions and the spoils policy without conscience which find their embodiment in HILL and his satellites. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that the evil that would be wrought by HILL's success in this election is simply beyond reckoning.

It is hard to understand the moral sense as well as the logic of those who, although at heart repelled by HILL's character and doings, are yet willing to overcome their repugnance to him because in the Senate he has shown a certain ability as a debater and parliamentary tactician and become a conspicuous figure before the country. With equal reason they might be willing to intrust a professional safe-burglar with the custody of a bank vault because he has shown greater dexterity and achieved a greater reputation in his line than the common run of safe-burglars. Indeed, what are the achievements in the Senate to which HILL owes his new renown? He has simply done there what an ambitious and utterly selfish and unscrupulous political trickster might have been expected to do. He has tried, by hook or crook, to defeat President CLEVELAND in all the patriotic purposes he was pursuing, and he has catered to every popular heresy to win support for himself. He would have defeated the repeal of the silver-purchase law could he have done so without ruining himself with his constituents, and nobody can tell to-day whether he will not land on the free-coinage side as soon as he concludes that thereby he can best serve his Presidential ambition. He opposed the tariff bill not because of the disfigurements that bill had suffered in the Senate, but ostensibly on account of the income-tax provision, which he knew he could not prevail upon either House of Congress to strike out—thus demonstrating that he would have opposed any, even the best imaginable, tariff bill containing such a provision. And as he has contrived to render his motives suspicious under all circumstances, there are many fair-minded people to-day who honestly believe that his real purpose was to keep the McKINLEY tariff in force for the benefit of the Sugar Trust. He has succeeded in defeating the confirmation of some of the best nominations for office the President sent to the Senate, and nobody, not even his most reckless admirers, will attribute this to any wish on his part to serve the public interest. In short, he has sedulously devoted all his abilities to the task of preventing Mr. CLEVELAND's administration from rendering good service to the country, and of thereby advancing his own fortunes. And his fame arises largely from his success in exciting popular curiosity as to what artful trick HILL may show himself capable of to "stick a knife into CLEVELAND," and on which side of every public question HILL may turn up. There is not the faintest trace of a patriotic impulse or aim, or of a statesman-like conception, in his whole career. The abler such a man is, the more dangerous is his power for evil, and the more necessary is it to extinguish his prestige and influence once and forever. And it is by Democratic votes that this extinguishment should be accomplished.

THE POWER OF THE MACHINE.

WE have just witnessed two illustrations of the power of the machine that ought to be deeply impressive. So far as they are not, it is due to the intellectual and moral insensibilities which are the unhappy results of long-suffering. The people who belong to both parties have seen so many years the functions supposed to be their own performed by the "boss"-ruled machine that they have ceased to wonder at the usurpation, or to resent it with anything like the lively indignation which is commensurate with a due reverence and respect for the most essential instrumentality of self-government.

The nominations for Governor of this State have been made for both parties by their bosses. In the Republican party, PLATT dominated the convention. In the Democratic party, a group of men controlled. In each, the voters of the party had nothing to say. Even the delegates, who were designated by the machine and selected in advance of the primaries, had no will or choice of their own. They simply registered the decrees of their masters. It was PLATT who determined on the nomination of MORTON. MURPHY and the Tammany machine decided that HILL should be the Democratic condidate. It is now known that the "stampede" in the Democratic convention was prearranged, and that those who incited and led it learned the parts they were to play in it at least twenty-four hours before the country was surprised by the news that HILL was once more a candidate for Governor. As for HILL himself, it is unnecessary to consider whether he was sincere or insincere in the attitude which he assumed. His reputation will not be affected by the acceptance of either hypothesis. The important point is that the nomination in each party was predetermined. The convention of neither party was a deliberative body. It merely registered the will of the machine, and the voters of the party, who are supposed to elect delegates to voice their sentiments in choosing candidates, had really no voice whatever in the matter. It is the custom to regret the lukewarmness of good citizens, and to lecture them for non-attendance at the primaries. This standing reproof of the reformer has become the taunt of the machine, its "bosses," and its "boys." But if every Republican and Democratic voter in the State had gone to the primaries this year it is doubtful if the results would have been different. Many of them would have been denied a vote on one pretext or another, and adverse majorities would have been counted out.

The fact is that the machine is the party in this State. It has been placed in full control by statutes which were enacted for the purpose of intrenching the "bosses" and for perpetuating rascality. It is the essence of free institutions that the people should conduct their own elections. An election ought to be the expression of the popular will. In its very nature is the principle that it should be free from interference; that the utterance should be entirely the people's from the first step to the final count. The primary lies at the basis of all elections. It selects the representatives of the people who are to name the candidates. A primary should be so free of outside interference, so wholly popular, that no one but those chosen for the immediate task of counting the vote should have any control over it. The same principle ought to apply to elections. It was this principle that was the backbone of Northern opposition to what was known as the "force bill." Until the past few years it applied to primaries in this State. They were conducted by inspectors who were chosen by the voters of the party.

When the present Democratic machine found itself in power in the State it took steps to perpetuate itself through the law. The State Committee had been foolishly surrendered to HILL in 1888. He at once set about making it the central power of a machine that extended from one end of the State to the other. Very soon he controlled most of the town, and nearly all of the county committees. When the time was ripe a statute was passed abolishing the office of inspectors of primaries. In their place a chairman was to be elected, the chairman of the town committee presiding over the primary, putting the question, and determining who was chosen by a *viva voce* vote. Under certain conditions, and on the demand of voters, tellers were to be appointed to count the ballots cast at the primary. These tellers were to be named by the chairman of the primary. Those who are familiar with the character of the men who compose most of the town committees of the two parties will understand the extent and dangers of the powers thus granted them. The statute meant that the machine should receive and count the votes at the primaries, and this in turn meant that all opposition to the projects of the machine, which, in State affairs, emanate from the State Committee "bosses," should be counted out. This statute, outrage as it was, was not strong enough for the machine. Another statute was passed in 1892, providing that primaries should be held under rules and regulations established by the local organizations of the parties holding them, and permitting the chairman of the town committee to appoint the chairman of the primary. Thus the people were deprived of all participation in the organization of a primary.

These laws do not apply, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, to the city of New York. Here no primaries worthy of the name are held. Tammany Hall selects delegates to conventions, and permits its enrolled members to indorse them. The party, through its State Committee, has made this political club the regular organization of the city. Every Democrat, therefore, who does not belong to this club is disfranchised as to his most important political right—the right to assist in selecting candidates for his party. At its last convention the Democratic party of the State decided that in New York city none but members of Tammany Hall should have any voice in the management of the Democratic party. The Republican voters of the city are better off to the extent that they are all permitted to seem to take part. But both the parties are really the machines, and under the law the machines cannot be defeated or reformed "from within." The hope of making either party better by going to the primaries has been made absolutely vain and empty by statute. The only way to beat a machine is at the polls—by a revolt against the party, and where both machines deserve the rebuke of defeat, the people are powerless. Party government

in this State has resolved itself into machine government, and the sad experience of New York is that there is no autocracy so ignorant, so corrupt, and so cruel as a machine that has nothing to fear from the voters of its own party. It stops at nothing, dares everything, defies not only the public opinion of the community, but of those upon whose party allegiance it depends for votes. It may be true that we shall be always under party government, but it is not true that we need to be under machine government. The laws of the State that now aid the evil intentions of the "bosses" can furnish opportunity for their overthrow.

NEW DESIGNS FOR CURRENCY.

THE Treasury Department at Washington is preparing to spend between $50,000 and $100,000 to give the people of the United States a more artistic paper currency. Of course any estimate of the possible cost of the changes in design of the Treasury notes and certificates is necessarily vague and unsatisfactory. And to a billion-dollar country the amount to be spent is small, if it were $200,000, considering the results to be attained. But the great American public usually wants to know of any public work just what it cost; and as nearly as an estimate can be formed at the present time, the reform inaugurated under Secretary CARLISLE by Chief JOHNSON, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, will cost at least $50,000. There are thirty-six designs to be changed eventually; though the present plan contemplates the experimental change of but six—the designs for the silver certificates of the denominations of $1, $2, $5, $10, $50, and $100. If these changes are acceptable to the public, the others will follow.

In showing this deference to public opinion the Treasury Department has profited by the experience of the Post-office Department in the matter of postage-stamps. More than one issue of stamps has been called in because the design or color of the denomination most commonly used was unpopular. The Columbian stamps would have been retired very quickly if the department had not entered into an agreement with the contractors who printed the stamps, by which a large sum of money had been spent enlarging their quarters and making preparations for the printing of the new designs. The green two-cent stamp was called in by Mr. WANAMAKER because of the public clamor against it.

It has been the policy of the Bank of England to make its notes of simple design, and to rely chiefly on the distinctive paper used to prevent counterfeiting. The Treasury Department at Washington uses a distinctive paper, but it has always relied for protection largely on the intricacy of the design of its notes.

For a time this was guaranteed by the fact that the contractors who printed the government securities employed the most skilled workmen in the country—men whose work was hard to imitate. But these men were corruptible, and they had to be kept under constant surveillance by the Secret Service Bureau for fear they would reproduce on contraband plates the work which they had done for the government contractors. Then a mechanical engraver was devised—the famous geometric lathe—a machine so costly that no counterfeiter could afford to own one, and capable of making such marvellous combinations of hairlike lines with such geometrical precision and in such countless varieties of design that no workman could reproduce them with a graver. But of recent years photography has been used so successfully to reproduce the work of the geometric lathe that it is hardly more of a security against counterfeiting than the work of the skilled engraver.

During all of this period the Treasury Department was considering chiefly the question of precaution against imitation, and the artistic character of the designs used was almost wholly neglected. First-class workmen were employed for engraving and printing, but simply because their work was a precaution against counterfeiting. No complete and symmetrical design for a piece of currency was ever adopted.

Every bit of paper money issued by the Treasury Department was a grouping of individual engravings, such as vignette portraits, and landscapes with much lathe-work, and such fancy lettering as was necessary. Around all of this was thrown a complicated border, repeating many times the denomination of the note. These patch-work designs were made up from what is known as "stock"—a collection of single engravings of which the Bureau of Engraving and Printing always keeps a good supply. The best of the work on these engravings was that done under special orders by New York engravers. There was no workman in the employ of the Bureau of Engraving capable of doing the very highest class of hand-engraving. The salaries paid by the government were no inducement to first-class workmen to enter the government employ. About a year ago the chief of the bureau obtained permission to employ two of the best engravers in the country at salaries of $6000 each—$1000 more than a Congressman's salary, by-the-way—and then, as the second step toward an improvement in the work on the currency, a contract was made with a well-known artist, WILL LOW, to enter the employ of the Treasury Department at $500 a month, to prepare new designs for the silver certificates. The second step in the plan was not successful. The artist found himself too much trammelled working under salary and a time arrangement, and in ten days he withdrew from the Treasury service. But he continued his work on the design for the $1 silver certificate, and recently this design has been submitted to the Treasury Department and approved. In the mean time Mr. JOHNSON had called on WALTER SHIRLAW and CHARLES S. REINHART, two of America's leading artists in black and white, and they prepared and submitted designs for other denominations. Mr. SHIRLAW's design for the $5 silver certificate has been accepted. The others are not completed, and have not been submitted to the judgment of the chief of the bureau.

Mr. LOW's design for the $1 silver certificate represents History reclining in the foreground with one arm about Youth, pointing to a volume on whose pages is printed the Constitution of the United States. Between these figures and the book stretches a vista with the Potomac River in the foreground, and the Washington Monument and the Capitol standing out clearly in the distance, the city of Washington being suggested in the surroundings. The border of the note is decorated with wreaths which surround the names of famous Americans. This design will be given to Mr. SCHLECHT, one of the expert engravers of the bureau, who will spend three months or more working up the more delicate features. The lettering, the border, and other parts which require less delicate work, will be given over to less skilled engravers, and when the pieces are ready they will be combined on one plate, from which other plates will be made quickly and cheaply by the transfer process. Of course there will be a certain amount of lathe-work in the border; but Mr. JOHNSON says that he will rely more on the delicate shading in the body of the note as a prevention of imitation. This work he says it will be impossible to reproduce satisfactorily by photography. So the government will gain in the artistic character of its new currency, and will lose nothing in security. As for the artists, they will receive $400 or $500 each for their accepted designs, and will gain a little transitory glory. Their fame will hardly be permanent, for the only credit which will appear on the face of the new currency will be that which is given to "The Bureau of Engraving and Printing."

TROLLEYS AND ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

FOR several years past there has been a zealous agitation in favor of the improvement of country roads. As pointed out from time to time in this paper, this agitation, this movement, is now resulting in a practical betterment of the highways in many localities, and a general discussion of ways and means to such ends in almost every enlightened neighborhood in the country.

But the road-improvers and the makers of road laws need to be on their guard, for it has been demonstrated time and again in the near neighborhood of large cities that so soon as country roads in populous neighborhoods or between prosperous villages have been graded and paved, the builders of trolley railroads pounce upon them and divert them almost completely from the purpose for which they were intended. The extension of trolley lines into the country should be encouraged in all proper ways, but the public authorities, the law-makers, and the people should insist that these trolleys should be located in proper places. Such proper places are not upon paved roadbeds, nor yet on the spaces between the pavements and the ditches.

The pavement of a macadamized roadway is meant to drive on; it is injured very seriously by having a horse-car track on it: for driving purposes it is ruined by having a trolley track upon it—ruined as completely as though an ordinary railroad track were placed over the pavement. Nor should the spaces between the pavement and the ditches be used for railway tracks, for these spaces are admirable driving roads more than half the time, and the rest of the time are needed for drainage purposes in taking the rainfall from the pavement to the ditches. A railway track of any kind would interrupt this drainage, which is of the greatest possible importance, as the macadam pavement is, after all, as much in the nature of a roof as anything else. The inventor of this system of road-building maintained that if a road-bed were made dry by drainage, and kept dry by an impervious covering, it would carry any load that could be placed upon it. And the experience of four generations has proved that MACADAM was right in his theory. But if we break this roof for a railway track, or if we interrupt the surface flow of water by a railway track on the side, then the whole purpose of the road construction has been defeated.

It is desirable, however, that trolley lines should be located near to the roads, for then they are easily accessible. The natural place for them is on the road-side beyond the ditches. This location involves the expense of grading for the railway road-bed, and hence the builders of trolleys endeavor to secure permission to put their lines on the road-bed, where everything has been prepared in advance. This is as wrong as it can be, for such locations not only ruin the roadway, but make it dangerous to life. There should be incorporated in every road law that no permission should be given to place a railroad on the roadway without referring the question to the popular vote of the township, and requiring that the railroad should then pay a rental of not less than ten per cent. per annum on the first cost of the roadway. Such a provision of the law would compel trolley roads to seek and find other locations for their lines, and would leave the common roads for the uninterrupted use for which they were intended.

When the railroad came into existence, two generations ago, the effort to secure good common roads in America was abandoned, because it was fancied that with the development of the railroad the common road would not be needed. But experience has shown that the greater the travel on the railroads, the greater the travel on the common roads, and hence that the latter are really a greater necessity than ever. And we will learn the same lesson from the extension of the trolley system, for travel begets travel. How unwise it will be, therefore, just as we are on the eve of securing for ourselves and our children a good system of country highways, to give them over to these private corporations for a use quite foreign to that for which we improved them!

THE WAR IN ASIA.

THE conflict between China and Japan is one of the most interesting international events that the world has witnessed. It has been said over and over again since the Japanese victories at Ping-Yang and the Yalu River that a new power has sprung up in the East. That is true, and Lord KIMBERLEY, on behalf of Great Britain, is the first European statesman to recognize the new power by making a treaty with it in which Japan is considered as on an equal footing with the United Kingdom, no longer to be dealt with as a weak barbarian, but as a civilized state, whose armed prowess has made her respected. It is also interesting that an Asiatic people should at last have entered what is known in the language of diplomacy as the "family of nations." But beyond Japan lies Asia, and dominating it China, with its 300,000,000 people, barbarous, gentle because fearful of European power and European determination to use its power to suppress the Chinese, impotent in war, but, in view of what Japan has accomplished, presenting a problem which is exciting great interest in Europe, and especially in Great Britain.

Europe hopes that Japan will be defeated in this war. The victories already won by her well-armed, disciplined, and ably administered army and navy have grievously disappointed English statesmen and journalists, and have caused a certain amount of fear-inspired foreboding and speculation. It is true that the Japanese were greatly aided by the infantile military and naval methods of the Chinese. Nevertheless, modern arms and discipline and modern army administration have been adopted and successfully handled and carried out by an Asiatic people, and England is speculating as to the grand result if Japan shall continue to triumph as she has begun.

The immediate consequences to the two nations engaged in the conflict are of little importance compared with what may happen to the relations between Asia and Europe. China may be divided. The Manchoorian Emperor may be driven out of Peking. There may be another such slaughter as that of the Taeping massacre, in which it is stated that 30,000,000 people died. It may be that the Japanese are the barbarians that some of the English papers are asserting them to be, and that when Europeans are left to the mercy of their laws and their administration of justice Lord KIMBERLEY's treaty will cause a good deal of sadness in English homes, and even the Liberals will admit that his diplomacy was precipitous.

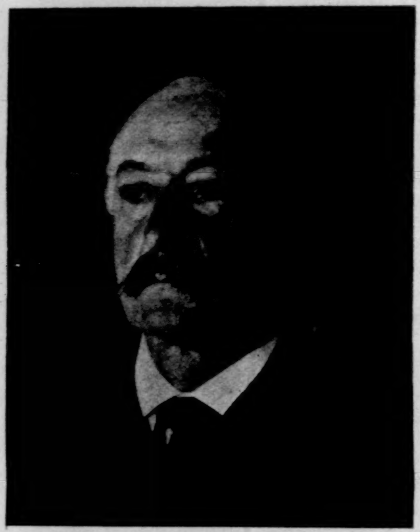
But the great subject of speculation is not as to what Japan will do with conquered China, or what Russia will lose or gain on the Pacific, or how far its ambitious projects in southwestern Asia may be promoted or retarded by a Japanese triumph, but as to what will become of European influence in Asia.

Assuming that the object-lesson of a Japanese victory over Asia is learned by China and the Hindoos, and that all Asian armies acquire the art which the island people have learned from the Germans, what is likely to follow? It may be said that the Chinese will never become aggressive, because aggressiveness is neither the spirit of her people nor the policy of her ruling classes. But who can foretell what change may come over the spirit of a people when consciousness of incapacity is succeeded by a realization of the possession of power? And who knows what the ruling classes of China will think if Russia and Great Britain permit Japan to enter Peking, to break up the rule of the Tartars, and restore the government to the Chinese, with a liberal-minded statesman like LI HUNG CHANG at the head? English writers are saying that if the Japanese acquired the hunger for conquest with the knowledge of modern arms and methods, why not the Chinese? And if the Chinese do acquire the consciousness that they can stand up against European armies, as the Japanese have shown themselves to be able to do, there is an end of European dominance in Asia.

It will not matter to Russia, in that event, that the Japanese control Korea. The Chinese also would decline to give her the wished-for port on the Pacific. It will not be a question then whether China will aid the Russian advance through the Himalayas. The question will be how long Russia can hold Siberia, and how long the British Empire in India will endure. The European imagination is picturing Chinese armies numbering millions, armed with magazine rifles and KRUPP guns, furnished with a sufficient commissariat, operating under the command of officers who have learned the value of accurate combinations and quick movements in the hard school of experience as well as in modern European text-books. By mere weight of numbers, thus armed and led, the Chinese forces would be terrible, and English journalists are suggesting to their readers the possible overrunning of all European dominions in the Orient, the establishment of strange new powers, and the death of European influence in Asia.

What would be the result of such a recapture of Asia by the Asiatics is so remote a problem that no one has yet ventured to suggest anything more than that the Japanese, notwithstanding the progress they have made, are still barbarians. But no one has ventured to assert that the light of civilization will be entirely extinguished, whatever may happen.

All this may seem to be far-away speculation. That it is seriously indulged in by capable writers of the London press is indicative of the anxiety and dread with which Europe is watching the practice of its own arts of war by the Japanese. There are many who believe that the Tartars will reach the Volga; few believe that they will cross it; and most of us are probably not yet prepared to take it for granted that the Asiatic races are returning to a foremost place in the world in the last decade of the nineteenth century through the dreadful instrumentality of blood and iron.



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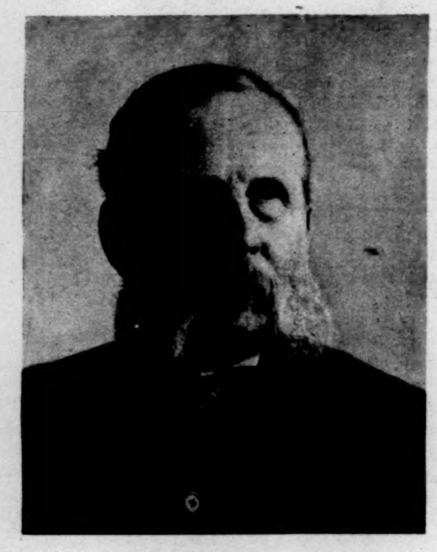
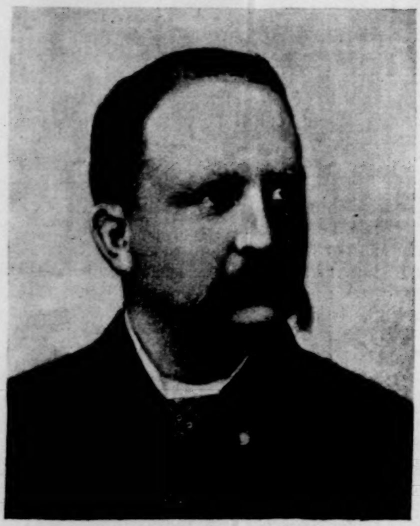


CHARLES STEWART SMITH.

CHARLES C. BEAMAN.



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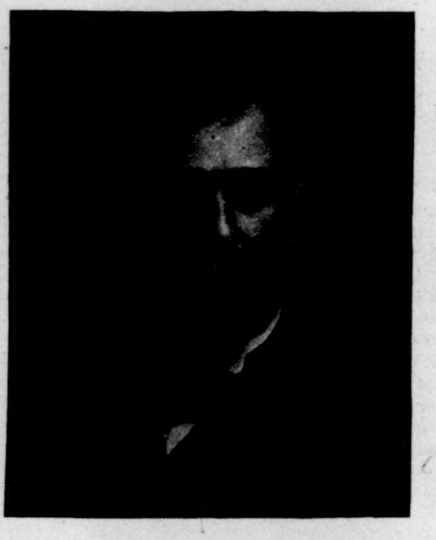

J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON.
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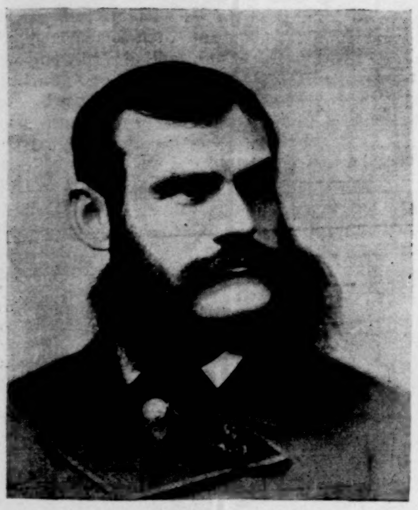
GUSTAV H. SCHWAB.



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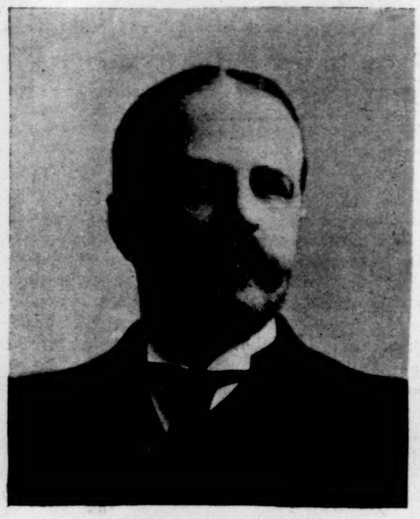

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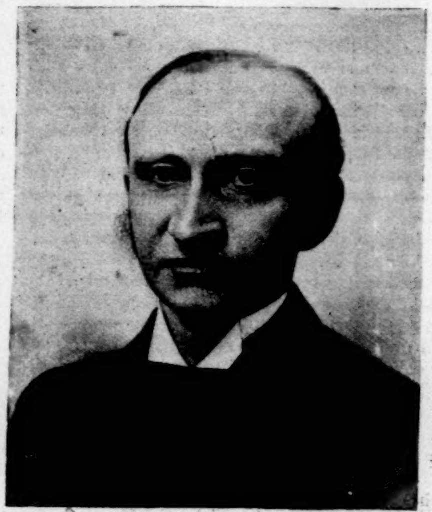
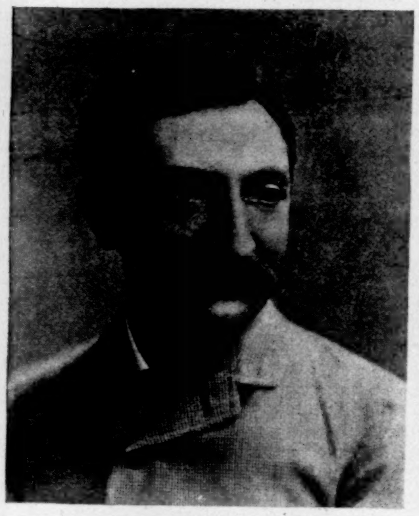
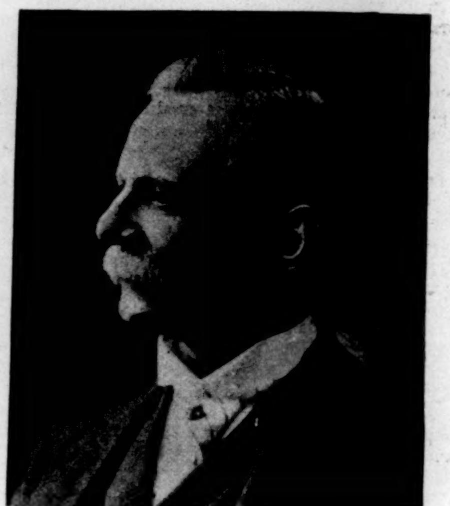


W. B. HORNBLOWER.

JOHN CLAFLIN.



SIMON STERNE.
Photographed by Falk.



R. M. GALLAWAY.

THE ANTI-TAMMANY MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK—REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY.—[SEE PAGE 966.]

PRIVATE MYERS'S FIRST SCOUT.

BY LEWIS FERGUSON.

It was not considered overmuch of a scout by many older troopers of Mackenzie's old regiment, but it was considered a great scout indeed by Private Myers, of Troop A. It was Private Myers's very first outing, and he seemed to truly realize the responsibilities involved. As a matter of fact, the officer whose luck it was to finally lead him towards hostile bullets was no better off in fighting experience than was Myers. It was going to be that officer's first fighting experience too, although he had seen good and hard service for nearly nine years. But Myers was unaware of such trifling circumstance. He simply knew that he himself was a recruit, and he had innocent and implicit confidence in all men older than he who wore the blue and yellow.

Myers was an eighteen or nineteen year old boy from one of the Middle States. How he happened to persuade the recruiting officer that he was twenty-one at date of enlistment will always be a mystery. Probably it was because he was such a good-looking little boy, and because he exhibited such ardent desire to be a soldier. Possibly Myers had read more dime novels than were good for him. More possibly he really was imbued with true soldierly spirit, and enlisted, and was permitted to enlist, for that reason—a trifle of falsehood as to real age being compromised on the respective parts of both recruiting officer and recruit.

It was rather exciting the evening the two troops of cavalry selected rode out from Fort Apache after Geronimo. Orders had come quickly. That Sunday morning few people in or near the post—if any person at all except Lieutenant Davis, who was in charge of the Chiricahua Apaches—dreamed of trouble. It was generally believed that, so far as the Chiricahua and White Mountain Apaches were concerned, the Indian problem was about settled—through the wise administrations of Lieutenant Davis, in charge of the former, and of Lieutenant Gatewood, who was looking after the latter. Tranquil peace had reigned in that portion of Arizona for so many years that "Crook's Apaches" had grown to be universally regarded as harmless but thriving agriculturists. It is difficult even now, after years have passed by and thorough investigation of the subject has been had, to decide what truly caused Geronimo's outbreak. To individuals who profess to know the Indian it looked, and still looks, like a strong case of heredity. Certainly there was no mismanagement on the part either of Davis or Gatewood.

Davis announced the fact of imminent outbreak to the post-commander shortly before Retreat. Within one hour two troops of cavalry received their orders to mount, and after forming rank, "Fours right; right by twos," started the troops' initial movement. A pack-train, with rations and a little forage, was to follow. The two troops averaged fifty men each, and each troop had two officers. Loyal Indian scouts, under Gatewood and Davis, had ridden on ahead of the little squadron.

The troopers filed at a decorous walk through the post, following the road leading to Seven-mile Hill. When the column turned out of sight into the cañon, "Trot" was ordered, and later "Gallop." This was brisk work for Myers. It was a realization of his dream of what a scout should be. All of his fondest military authorities in the troop library treated of galloping troopers, and he remembered a particularly interesting illustration showing the Seventh Cavalry, all in full-dress uniform, with Custer at their head, careering through the sally-port of a frontier post in pursuit of hostile Sioux. Apart from uniform and sally-port, there did seem to be somewhat of a difference on the present occasion. Just now darkness was gathering quickly, and the narrow wagon road and the close-crowding trees and bushes rendered riding at a fast gait awkward. "But it's bully, Tom, ain't it?" said Myers to the comrade who rode beside him.

At the top of Seven-mile Hill a brief halt was made. There, in a little while, the command was joined by Davis and Gatewood with their scouts, who brought word that the Turkey Creek camp of the Chiricahuas was abandoned, Geronimo, Natchez, and some fifty bucks gone, and that the campaign was in truth opened.

The column of cavalry turned sharply to the left, towards Bonito Creek, and, the scouts leading, the real ride began. Myers soon found that it was too dark and that there was too much rough country for further galloping. The steady cavalry walk was quite fast enough. Even now, in crossing a steep arroyo, a horse would slip and fall, injuring more or less himself or his rider. Myers wondered if the command was on the right trail. Not being himself able to see through the darkness, he could not understand how the scouts could see. But, being only a recruit, he was ashamed to put his thoughts into words, and followed along as best he could silently.

The first long halt, at a convenient water-hole, caused everything to seem still more like real soldiering. Men gathered together in small groups. Older soldiers were reminiscent, and Myers listened eagerly to their talk. He envied these men their apparent unconcern as to the present situation, and their evident extreme previous intimacy, going back into years long gone by, with Mackenzie, Wirt Davis, Lieutenant McKinney, and other well-known heroes of the regiment. The expressions "Me and the General," and "Me and the Major," in allusion to alleged incidents of past occurrence, filled little Myers's heart with a great deal of awe and reverence.

The march was resumed as soon as the first light of day began to gleam over the hills, and Myers had immediate experience of more fast riding, directed for the purpose of making up time lost by the two hours' rest. Trot and gallop were again in order. Down the steep hill leading to Black River crossing, through the river, and up the steeper bank on the other side, crashed and splashed and crashed the troopers. The hostile trail was too hot now for dismounting, even though the path was so rough, or for even stopping, except for a moment or two for water. Signs of the hostiles had been in constant and direct evidence since daylight. Ponies even and surplus packs had already begun to be abandoned. "Those fellers ain't so very far ahead," remarked Myers, forgetting for the instant he was a recruit, and momentarily finding his voice.

That Myers was quite correct in his conjecture soon became known to all. Shortly after the fringe of timber bordering Black River was passed, and the broad level mesa beyond gave an eye a chance to see, the dust of rapidly receding travellers, still miles ahead, was plainly visible. Another abandoned pony was overtaken, and a short distance beyond an abandoned pack was seen, containing flour and cooking utensils—precious treasures to Indians. Other ponies and other abandoned packs were passed in speedy succession. The troopers were now riding at full gallop, which was continued for more than ten miles. The tall black-eyed lieutenant who led K Troop, a pugnacious Jerseyman, forged his troop out of squadron column, and was riding over the mesa in column of twos, with his leading twos abreast of those of A Troop, whereas the latter troop by right should have been troop distance and nine yards ahead. Myers was riding near the centre of A Troop, and the boy's face should have been painted during that gallop.

But Geronimo kept the lead, aided by Satan and the nature of the country. When the hither hills of Eagle Creek were reached the hostiles were distinctly seen, through field-glasses, crawling up the hog-backs of the further hills beyond the creek, making their way over exceedingly rough country in the direction of Blue River. Their distance from the cavalry by bird's flight could then hardly have been three miles. By the only way Myers and his comrades could possibly get to them they were still quite ten miles to the front. And even Myers had begun to notice that hard riding over rough country tells on horses. The ten or twelve cavalrymen riding lame public animals, hurt during the night, and now ten or fifteen miles behind, need not be considered; but of the horses yet in column, the forty or fifty animals showing extreme exhaustion made an aggregate as to cavalry efficiency of much higher importance. Geronimo had wisely sent ahead to the Eagle Creek hog-backs, or certain of his men sent ahead had there craftily rounded up from contiguous ranches, fresh horses. The hostiles could be seen changing their worn-out steeds for new stock. The cavalry marched down to Eagle Creek, and went into camp.

If any mistake was made by the first pursuers of Geronimo, this early camp at Eagle Creek was the mistake. But men and horses were badly exhausted. Sixty miles had been covered in seventeen hours, including short halts and the two hours of rest waiting for daylight. Men had no rations of any sort; and, more important, there had been no grass and there was no forage for the horses. Nobody was sorry when the order was given to halt and unsaddle. And when it was seen that sunset came before the pack-train pulled into camp, the wisdom of the stop was not at that time questioned by any of the hungry men concerned.

Early next morning the pursuit was resumed up the steep hills bordering Eagle Creek into Eagle Mountains, and camp was made towards evening on a little stream in the heart of the mountains. Travel was slow, because the hostile trail had scattered, and was hard at first to follow. That night the men, gathered around camp-fires, told soldier stories and sang soldier songs; and Myers, seated near the big sergeant with the fine tenor voice, felt glad he was a soldier too; and finally, wrapped in his saddle blanket and lying on the mattress of Mother Earth only, fell asleep with a heart wondrously content.

It was after crossing Blue River the following morning, and while heading through Blue Mountains towards the San Francisco River, that the first dead of the trail was found. This was Myers's first sight of the kind, and it was not an agreeable sight even to a veteran. The dead man—a German trumpeter of hussars, it was afterwards discovered, in America on furlough—had evidently been attacked while going from his ranch to Eagle Creek. The hostiles had from a distance spied him coming towards them, and simply lay in wait and shot him as he rode by. There he lay, on one side of the trail, and a little above him and to his left up the slope of the hill, off the trail, was his horse, also dead. The man's face and head were badly bruised by rough

stones, probably squaw-work, and the action of the hot sun had caused the corpse to be horribly swollen. Myers was detailed as one of the burial party. It seemed awful to the boy that no grave was dug: as a matter of fact, none could be, there being no spade or shovel anywhere at hand; merely stones were carefully and tenderly piled over the body of the poor little Dutchman.

The main column, not waiting for the burial party, pressed on. A small creek—the Little Blue—was crossed, two more murdered men found near by, and dusk fell upon the command on the broad Alma Mesa, where they went into dry camp—near the body of still another victim discovered. The party of whom Myers was one, in overtaking the column, rode by the men engaged in burying two of these other bodies found. The corpse first met was that of the elder brother of the German trumpeter; and this brother had himself been a soldier, discharged from Troop C, Sixth United States Cavalry, and who, with his small savings, had taken up and meagrely stocked a miniature cow ranch. The two brothers had plainly been living alone in the cabin of the ranch, and there were signs of attempted improvement of the property. New shingling of the roof of the cabin was almost completed. One room showed evidence of recent application of canvas in lieu of wall-paper. In one of the three tiny apartments a letter was discovered, which read—so said the grizzled old German corporal who commanded Myers's burial party—that the old mother of the two brothers was even now on her way from Westphalia to join her sons in America.

The corpse of the ex-Sixth Cavalryman was discovered by the barking of a little dog. The ranch seemed deserted when the cavalry reached it. An Indian scout prowling around reached a mound a short distance from the cabin facing the direction of Eagle Creek and uttered a shout. Soldiers rode up, and a little dog, crouched on the body of a dead white man, was giving voice shrilly at the scout. Evidently one brother, anxious on account of the unexpected absence of the other, was looking out for the absent one over the trail, and in this act met his own death. There was a spade near the cabin, and the burial party of soldiers was treating this corpse to a grave. When he heard the story, one of Myers's party, an old soldier, picked up the little dog to his saddle pommel and brought the faithful little beast into camp. Myers had thought of doing the same thing himself, for there would soon be nobody near, and nothing whatever to eat at the cabin; but being only a recruit, Myers was uncertain if such an act would be the right thing to do. On arrival at the camp he tried to make up for previous indecision by giving the dog most of his supper, but, to his regret, found that when the dog whined for water he had none to give. Myers had never conceived the possibility of a dry camp, and was sorry now that he had not filled his canteen at the clear sparkling stream, five miles back, where other men of his party had filled theirs.

After crossing the San Francisco next morning and entering the San Francisco Mountains, more ghastly dead were met with. The appearance of one of these—Nat Luce (he could never forget the name)—has been ever photographed on Myers's memory. Luce and three companions left the town of Alma the evening before, just about the hour the troops were camping on Alma Mesa, fifteen miles distant. Several miles out from town the small party approached a steep hill. There were pack-mules along, and two of the party stopped behind to tighten the packs before trying the ascent of the hill. Luce and the other man rode on ahead. There was strong wind blowing from the rear of the party. No sound was heard by the packers, but in about five minutes after Luce and his comrade disappeared over the hill Luce's horse came racing down again, and the packers thought they saw something wet and red staining the saddle. The two packers retreated hastily to Alma. When Myers saw Luce's dead body, lying on its back, both arms were in the posture, frozen there by death, of a man in the act of firing a rifle. Near by were the dead body and the dead horse of Luce's comrade. The Indian scouts pointed out the spots where the hostiles concealed themselves, and where, with guns on a rest, they murdered the two men from a distance of not over ten yards.

The succeeding morning, Friday, dawned a glorious day. By this time Myers had become quite sensible that scouting was not all galloping and waving of sabres, and was beginning to possess a reasonable doubt concerning the absolute correctness of the famous illustration in the library book of Custer and the Seventh Cavalry. In this mountainous country there was so much walking, actual pedestrianism, and pulling up one's horse behind one, none of which seemed to surprise the older men, although he could remember nothing whatever of the sort set forth in any of his cherished prints. Altogether experience was vastly different from anticipation—"but if I could only get at those damn fellers," said Myers, "and make 'em pay for their murders!" Myers had found a voice at last, even if he was a recruit, and even if his voice was not particularly loud.

This day's march was not over very rough country in the beginning, but the country became rougher as the march grew longer. About noon, probably for a nooning halt, horses were unsaddled and dinners ordered cooked when the command reached the bottom of a deep and narrow cañon. The surrounding hills of the cañon—called Diablo Cañon, in the Black Mountains of New Mexico—were at lowest five hundred feet high, and the easterly hills, in which direction the trail was running, were the steepest in point of incline, and the roughest in point of rocks. Dividing the narrow bottom of the cañon, which was not more than one hundred and fifty yards in width, a clear, ice-cold stream of water flowed, trending southwesterly. There was excellent grass on the westerly hill-sides. Orders were given that, as soon as they got a little to eat, certain Indian scouts should be sent up the easterly hills to the summit towards the hostile trail to guard against surprise, and the tired horses were scarcely unsaddled and herds scarcely out before a few scouts, fed quickly, began to climb the steep easterly slopes. In the mean time troops' and packers' cooks were busy preparing dinners, and troopers, packers, and officers were scattered here and there. Two officers, one the squadron commander, were tempted by the beautiful stream to seize the opportunity of a bath. Everything looked peaceful, and no one had reason to believe that imminent danger was lurking.

Suddenly, by the time the foremost scout had scaled the easterly summit, a rifle-shot was heard, followed by a second, and immediately by other shots in rapid succession. The tall Jersey lieutenant, lying down at the time on the east side of the stream, towards the firing, was the senior officer present. The men were scattered mainly on the west side of the brook. Getting on his feet, the lieutenant called out, "Get your carbines, men; come this way." There was a confused murmur among some of the more distant troopers about "getting to the horses." "Damn the horses!" shouted the lieutenant. "Get your carbines; come *this* way." And, at first all alone, he started up the easterly hills towards the firing, and from which bullets were now pouring down.

There was no chance to form anything like a line of battle. Troopers leaped across the stream and followed as best they could their intrepid leader. Myers was among the more distant troopers downstream, but he and old Sergeant Atkinson, of his troop, and several others of the same troop, were among the first to respond to the call. It was stiff and hard climbing. Starting at double time, men soon lost their wind, and were panting and straggling over the entire hill-side. The lieutenant, realizing this, shouted: "Rush from ledge to ledge of the rocks, men! Stop under each ledge and get breath! Take all the cover you can!" And in this way the advance moved forward. When near the summit a junior lieutenant heard rather an odd noise from some one behind. Looking back, he saw that the noise came from little Myers. The boy was crying and sobbing from excitement and from the extreme fatigue, but, with carbine grasped firmly in hand, was coming forward. Myers evidently thoroughly realized the danger and hard work, but he was there to stay.

Seventeen soldiers, all told, formed the first line when the summit was reached, and there found that the hostiles had fled. Brawny Private Lawler, of K Troop, was probably the first man up, but the others came quickly enough—McGreavy (the wild Irishman), Sergeants Atkinson and Walker, and the other brave men—and with them was little Myers, one of the seventeen United States soldiers, in the front rank, who caused the only defeat during the entire campaign that Geronimo ever suffered from regular soldiers, not to mention the fact that this time, and this time only, Geronimo's entire band were all together, and not yet separated.

The gallant Jersey lieutenant, now at last a captain by slow lineal promotion, has not yet received his medal of honor, but he deserves one. Perhaps Private Myers deserves one also.

THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY.

It is often said that a free nation or city has just such government as it desires. This means merely that the power to do and undo is in the people, and what the people do or leave undone is reasonably construed as an expression of their choice. In this sense New York can be said to have preferred government by the Tammany syndicate; for it has gone on year after year confirming and increasing the prerogatives of this ruling body. Yet, while civic indifference and blind partisanship have combined to intrench ring rule, a counter-current has been setting in for the subversion of the whole system. Good men have honestly tried to reform Tammany from within, and were either swallowed up or squeezed out. Equally futile attempts have been made by duplicating the Democratic organization in the city, and by strengthening the Republican organization. Gradually but certainly it has become apparent that the only hope of success lies in overcoming the bitter partisanship that prevents good men from uniting against bad men who have combined. The spread of this conviction led, in 1892, to the founding of the City Club, which has contributed to every effort since made for municipal reform. Here was started the idea that now stands embodied in the Good Government Clubs, which are permanent local centres of propaganda for the principle of municipal non-partisanship.

When the preliminary campaign opened this year these clubs represented the organized spirit of reform in the city. In addition to their confederation in a central council, they were further united through delegates chosen to a county convention, which assembled in June. This body was thoroughly representative of the five thousand active workers for non-partisan reform who were scattered over the entire city. The declaration of principles there made struck at everything partisan and bipartisan. The convention and its executive committee, which continued its work, have consistently taken the high ground that, however difficult of practical realization, the only right principle to be striven for is absolute non-partisanship in city matters.

The Good Government Clubs had the confidence of the people, and, what was clear evidence of their strength, the attention of the party leaders. They had an organization reaching every district, and it was apparent that this machinery was such a permanent power for practical reform as the city had never possessed. At this juncture a number of prominent business men had, in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, an informal discussion on the situation, and concluded that so favorable an opportunity should not be lost.

A public meeting was determined upon, and the call therefor was signed by thirty-four leading citizens, including Charles S. Smith, George F. Baker, W. L. Strong, J. Harsen Rhoades, Morris K. Jesup, George M. Miller, John Sloane, James M. Constable, A. S. Frissell, William E. Dodge, Hugh N. Camp, and Gustav H. Schwab. The call was sent to representative citizens of all sections, parties, and occupations. It expressed the belief "that the people of the city are tired of the burden of inefficiency, extravagance, and plunder, and understand that a city, like a well-ordered household, should be managed solely in the best interests of its people, and to this end should be entirely divorced from party politics and selfish personal ambition or gain." The meeting was held in the Recital Hall of Madison Square Garden on September 6th, and was largely attended. Mr. Joseph Larocque presided. A vigorous address to the public was adopted, and the chairman was empowered to name a committee of seventy*—a number suggesting successorship to the anti-Tweed committee—to confer with other organizations, and generally to carry into effect the objects expressed in the call and the address. The address is even stronger than the call. It points to the renewed proof of local corruption, and says, "The present government of this city is a standing menace to the continued commercial supremacy of the metropolis, and strongly concerns the welfare of every family in the whole country, for there is no hamlet in the land that the influence of New York city does not reach for good or evil." It demands a radical and lasting change, and looks for the attainment of this to citizens who, without giving up their party ties on national issues, will rise above partisanship and unite to form a citizens' movement for the government of the city entirely outside of party politics.

The committee was appointed September 15th, and organized with Mr. Larocque as chairman, and Mr. Smith as chairman of the executive committee. The seventy men thus chosen to rescue New York city from ring rule fairly represent the element that must contribute to the success of the effort. The strength of the finance committee is seen in such names as J. Kennedy Tod, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and John A. Stewart. These men and others stand likewise for personal, social, and commercial prestige and influence. The party organizations are about equally represented, and especially in the active subcommittees distinct partisan predominance has been avoided. The labor element, as distinguished from the professions and business, has influence in the committee's counsels through the voice of an able leader. The large and active membership of the Good Government Clubs naturally furnished a great many of the most suitable men for such a committee.

When the Seventy began its work nearly all the political organizations had fixed dates for their nominating conventions. Precipitate action by any one of them might easily have precluded an effective union against Tammany. The committee's first step, therefore, was formally to request the conventions to adjourn without other action than the naming of conference committees. This was acceded to by the various organizations, and the way was open to conference. The essential thing was that the conference should not degenerate into, or lead to, a mere "deal." Whatever method should be adopted for choosing the candidates, it was requisite that the Seventy keep the initiative and avoid yielding to any sort of dictation from the parties. This was the only course fair to the people, who had demanded non-partisan reform, and at the same time this alone could protect each party from the other and make harmonious action possible. The executive committee, therefore, early began the consideration of possible candidates, with a view to naming a ticket that might, on being submitted in conference, be at once acceptable to the organizations.

Conference was had with each of the organizations singly, not to discuss the names of possible candidates, but to learn the attitude of each body to the proposed non-partisan action of the Citizens' Committee. The Republicans of both factions demanded that a Republican should head the ticket. The Good Government Clubs, true to the essential principle of their existence, had no opinion regarding the politics of candidates, but pledged their support for any ticket the Seventy should name on its own initiative. The anti-Tammany Democrats and the Independent County Organization said their object was the defeat of the ring, and they would support the Committee. The German-American Reform Union preferred a Democrat, on grounds of expediency, but would accept such a Republican as Mr. Low. It is known, by-the-way, that Mr. Low positively declined to be considered. The State Democrats argued in conference for a Democrat. Practically, therefore, it was shown by these conferences that the party conferrees were still partisan, and the only course for the Seventy was to reach a decision in the light of all the facts and arguments, and then appeal to a general conference of the organizations and to the people for approval and support.

Time pressed. The Seventy's executive committee was uninterruptedly at work, and yet the adjourned conventions were about to reconvene before a Citizens' ticket was chosen. It was determined to present a name for the Mayoralty, and request further conference as to the other offices. The committee had considered many names, and finally approved six or eight men as suitable candidates. The sole remaining question was regarding their vote-getting qualities. The belief prevailed that advantage must be taken of the tremendous anti-Tammany sentiment created by the Senate investigation, and it was decided that John W. Goff, as peculiarly instrumental in arousing this sentiment, should be the Citizens' candidate for Mayor. And, as Mr. Goff is a Democrat, it was resolved that the remainder of the ticket should be substantially Republican. This report was presented last Thursday evening to the general conference.

Here, however, it was officially announced that the Republican organization would not accept Mr. Goff, and as that gentleman declined the proffered nomination unless it should preclude the possibility of a straight Republican ticket, it was apparent that a union was not yet effected "entirely outside of party politics." An adjournment of the conference was had until Friday afternoon, and in the interval the committee determined that William L. Strong was the next most available man on its list for the Mayoralty. But as Mr. Strong is a Republican, it was manifest that the committee must itself complete the ticket in a way to demonstrate its non-partisanship, and, if possible, make it acceptable to anti-machine Democrats. This was done as follows:

Mayor	William L. Strong.
Recorder	John W. Goff.
President of the Board of Aldermen	John Jeroloman.
Judge of Superior Court	Henry R. Beekman.
Sheriff	Otto Kempner.
Coroners	Dr. Wm. O'Meagher and Dr. Emil W. Hoeber.

The reception of this ticket by the organization conferrees was not such as to promise unanimity, but the Citizens' Committee announced itself as prepared to stand by the result of its difficult and honest effort. Should the organizations refuse to unite, the Seventy will appeal to the individual voters for union irrespective of organization allegiance. The spirit and methods of the Good Government Clubs have been thus far conserved by the Seventy's action, and the men who believe in their essential principle of municipal non-partisanship are, as Chairman Beaman of the conference said, enlisted in a war which means victory or a drawn fight.

The Seventy unanimously adopted and submitted a platform, which, in addition to the principles set forth in its earlier declarations, demands a wider application of civil service rules, the extension and betterment of the public schools, prompt completion of the small parks, the establishment of public baths and lavatories, a thorough system of street-cleaning and garbage-disposition, increased rapid-transit facilities, and improvement of the water-front, and denounces as repugnant to the spirit and letter of our institutions any discrimination among citizens because of race or religious belief.

* THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY.

Charles S. Smith, Hugh N. Camp, A. S. Frissell, Woodbury Langdon, Joseph Larocque, George Macculloch Miller, John Sloane, William H. Webb, George Haven Putnam, G. L. Rives, John P. Faure, Henry A. Oakley, C. C. Beaman, J. Kennedy Tod, Horace Porter, Lewis L. Delafield, Dr. R. H. Derby, Dr. A. Jacobi, J. Crosby Brown, John A. Stewart, Cornelius W. Luyster, Henry C. Swords, Abram S. Hewitt, William B. Hornblower, Peter B. Olney, William R. Stewart, William E. Dodge, Edward D. Page, Marshall C. Lefferts, J. Augustus Johnson, W. Harris Roome, William J. Schieffelin, A. H. Ely, Thomas A. Fulton, Isaac H. Klein, E. R. A. Seligman, Fulton McMahon, Julius Sternberger, Edward Bird Grinnell, Charles Taber, Frederic Taylor, Charles H. T. Collis, James A. Blanchard, General Anson G. McCook, Percival Knauth, Charles Hauselt, A. von Briesen, Gustav H. Schwab, Everett P. Wheeler, William Travers Jerome, Julius J. Frank, Max J. Lissauer, Henry Rice, James Speyer, Simon Sterne, Jacob H. Schiff, E. W. Bloomingdale, James P. Archibald, James B. Reynolds, D. C. Overbaugh, W. A. Hoe, Richard Deeves, W. L. Strong, John P. Townsend, C. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Albert Stickney, John Claflin, R. M. Gallaway, L. I. Callanan.

A TURKISH SUMMER RESORT.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

Truly I know of no fairer or sweeter resting-place in life's journey than the valley of the Sweet Waters above the Golden Horn." This fair recommendation from the pen of a traveller who has journeyed to many pleasant places makes the Sweet Waters of Europe one of the objective points of every tourist fortunate enough to be in Constantinople during the warm spring days, when this resort is the most frequented.

From the top windows of the Hotel Bristol, in Pera, which overlooks the municipal gardens, a wonderful panorama is extended before you. On your left is the gray Stamboul, with the tower of the old Seraglio and the rounded dome and slender minarets of the Agia Sophia sharply outlined against the blue waters of Marmora, and the purple islands of the Princes in the background. As your eye follows the line of mosques, minarets, fantastic houses, and broken walls, on the curve of the Golden Horn towards Eyoub, the sacred city, the background changes to low rolling hills, at the base of which the dark cypresses of the Turkish cemeteries make a sombre shadow. Further on, at the very tip of the Horn, where it is fed by the waters of the Kiat Khâneh, or paper-mill river, you may catch a glimpse of a cool shaded valley, surrounded by fresh green fields of clover and the verdant slopes of the low hills.

To be in the fashion, you should drive out there in a smart trap and join the fashionable cavalcade, moving slowly along the wide shaded road at the side of the river as solemnly and as seriously as do the stolid English men and women who are exhibited by their coachmen each afternoon during the season in Hyde Park for the amusement and delectation of the humble pedestrian. However, the very fact that you can do this in Rotten Row, or the Bois de Boulogne, or the Prater, or Central Park, may decide you to try a more novel method of conveyance. Then you may make the acquaintance of a Turkish kaïk.

Entering the mouth of a tunnel, a few minutes' walk from the hotel, for one piastre you are quickly slid down to Galata, and making your way to the boat station, near the end of the famous Galata bridge, you will find an assortment of kaïks awaiting, and you may commence your bargain for the trip; as this is not a country of fixed prices, and you must bargain before you buy or you will be imposed upon.

The Turkish kaïk is the lightest, swiftest, strongest, most comfortable, and most beautiful boat in the world, and you first attain to the knowledge of perfect motion on the water when you lean back on the comfortable cushions, and your white-clad kaikjis bend their backs to the light and beautifully balanced oars. These oars have long slender blades, cut in the shape of a crescent at the ends, while great rounded bulbs just below the handle balance the weight of the blades. There are no oar-locks, the oar being passed through a thong of rawhide, which is fastened to a single pin driven in the gunwale, and a liberal application of tallow at the point of contact renders the stroke absolutely noiseless, and without a jerk at the beginning or end, as the oar slides easily through the thong.

Comfortably settled among the cushions at the bottom of the boat, you glide along through a busy throng of puffing little steamers and innumerable small craft, past the inner bridge and the great useless hulks which constitute the Turkish navy: some of these old boats are being reconstructed and modernized, but the majority of them are incapable of leaving their anchorages.

After passing the limits of old Stamboul, on your left you may see the vast cemetery and the sacred mosque of Eyoub, which marks the spot where thirty thousand Arabs fell outside the walls of the old city in the first siege. None but Moslems are allowed within this mosque, and the sword of the Prophet with which the Sultan is invested on his accession to the throne is kept here.

Now the stream narrows and turns towards the north, and you see before you green fields flanked by the distant hills, while around you the water is enlivened by numerous kaïks filled with Turkish women, carrying bright-colored parasols and attired in the most brilliant ferejeh—purple, red, blue, pink, yellow, in short, every shade and gradation of color known to the Oriental dye-maker—presenting a perfect kaleidoscope of changing color; for this is Friday afternoon, the Moslem Sunday, and all the world is out, hurrying to the Sweet Waters, where they can see and be seen.

As you go on, the water constantly narrows and broadens again. Now, where the banks are close together and confined by masonry, you pass between rows of Turkish women squatting along the banks, with their yashmaks carefully drawn over their faces, but apparently indifferent to a considerable display of ankle; then you shoot out into a broad lagoon and engage in the universal race to be first at the next of the narrow places spanned by wooden bridges. Navigation ends shortly before you come to the Imperial Kiosk of white marble, beside which you can see, gleaming through the trees, the single minaret and dome of a small mosque. On the shore, lining the banks of the stream for half a mile or more, are gay pavilions, arbors, and tents, while moving about among the crowd are peddlers of ices and fruit, Turkish delight, queer tasteless wafers, and roasted pistachio-nuts. As you stroll along under the trees, by the booths of the lemonade and coffee sellers, you encounter picturesque groups squatted in the shade and plying their various trades. Dark-skinned gypsy women, clad in blue and white, with flowers in their hair, are singing, weaving romantic tales, or telling fortunes for curious pleasure-seekers. Turkish musicians pound industriously on little tom-toms and blow monotonously on pipes of reed, or draw plaintive notes from cracked violins. Two old turbaned Arabs are doing the familiar juggling trick of the three metal cones and the disappearing corks, meanwhile jabbering away in a queer monotone to attract attention to their skill.

A snake-charmer evokes a weird sound from the long pipe which he holds to his lips, while a small hooded cobra raises its head in obedience to the call, and an assistant near by is busy pulling snakes out of a bag by their tails to have them ready for the next feat of the performer. Further down, where the crowd is not so great, a party of the young swells known as "Young Turkey," who affect European costume and manners, are dancing a quadrille with some Greek girls, and for lack of instrumental music, are singing a Turkish air as they dance. A little way back in the fields is a picturesque arsenal with the red flags and crescents of the Ottoman Empire flying from its towers, and close by is a government cavalry school, where you may see some beautiful Arab horses, and where every afternoon small boys and cadets are drilling under the direction of Turkish officers, who do not scruple to lay a stroke of their heavy riding-whips over the shoulders of an inattentive pupil. Further up, beyond the white marble kiosk of the Sultan, where brilliant peacocks strut beneath the trees and white swans sail silently about the lake, commences the promenade, which extends along the bank of the stream under an avenue of magnificent trees as far as Kiat Khâneh Keui, or paper-mill village. Here on every Friday afternoon come the wealthy and fashionable Turkish women in perfectly appointed closed carriages, with dusky drivers and black eunuchs on every box to drive and guard them. The division of the sexes is complete; a wife must not be seen with her husband, a mother with her son, or a sister with her brother, but men and women must go in separate conveyances. Here it is that the Turk has one of the few opportunities of regarding from afar the lady of his love. As the carriages wheel slowly by, batteries of eyes are turned upon the fair occupants, who, denied the privilege of speaking in public, have learned to use their eyes so effectively that speech seems superfluous for purposes of flirtation. Of course these beauties of the harems are veiled, but so artfully have they contrived the gossamer coverings for their faces that the transparent gauze enhances rather than conceals their charms, and in the instances where complexion and color are a work of art the softening influence of the veil imparts an appearance of bewildering and bewitching beauty which perhaps does not exist. For two hours or more the promenaders move slowly up and down, those on foot pressing up near the roadway or loitering under the trees, where they can command the best view of the occupants of the carriages, the most inquisitive sometimes incurring a frown from the black lala on the box, while on the other side of the road the women of the humbler classes squat like toads along the low wall of masonry and enviously view their wealthier sisters. Further up, on a hill overlooking the promenade, you may see one or two genuine Turkish wagons of carved and gilded wood, drawn by a pair of bullocks having an arch hung with various-sized bells over their shoulders, and freighted with Turkish women from the country, who have come to see the more fashionable but less picturesque equipages of their city cousins.

Towards sunset, when the carriages are hurrying back to the city, you make your way toward the landing-place, stopping long enough for a cup of the fragrant coffee which is bubbling over a charcoal brazier beneath an arbor. Then, when you have found your kaïk, and your stalwart kaïkjis have laid aside their short blue jackets embroidered with silver crescents, you may light a Turkish cigarette, and dispose yourself comfortably amongst the cushions at the bottom of the boat, and glide swiftly along with the homebound kaïks, filled with laughing people, and rivalling the sunset in their brilliant coloring.

Nowhere in the world is there a more entrancing sight, and you will float home with a picture in your mind of dark eyes and shy glances, of red lips and sweet voices, of veils and yashmaks, of rainbow colors of satins and silks, of marble palaces and slender minarets, of cool waters and green fields, of quaint music and soft laughter, that you will remember all your days, and that will renew your faith in the stories of the *Arabian Nights*.

"Blessed shall he be who shall take Constantinople," said the Prophet. More blessed is he, you may echo, who in these peaceful times may glide along the Sweet Waters of Europe, seeing on either side the bronzed and frank-faced Turks enjoying their simple amusements, or smoking their peaceful narghiles in dreamy content, watching the setting sun as it throws a rosy light over the dancing waters of the Golden Horn and tips the slender minarets with flame; and as the color fades from the water, you may catch the faint echo of the muezzin's call to prayer, and dusky figures along the shore turn towards Mecca and prostrate themselves, knowing that they are one day nearer to the groves and cool waters and the everlasting gardens that the Prophet has promised for the faithful.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Of the late Emmanuel Chabrier, composer of the comic opera *Étoile*, of the no less charming and more dignified *Roi Malgré Lui*, of the "Spanish Rhapsody," well known to American concert-goers, and, last and best, of *Gwendoline*, Mr. S. Irenæus Stevenson writes:

"Mr. Chabrier's career has been no very long one; and he has been irregular in advance toward real distinction in that group of composers which France applauds, inclusive of Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Bruneau, Reyer. But M. Chabrier has passed away with indisputed honors, leaving an indisputable vacancy. He was born at Ambert in 1842, and turned—another example—from law to music. His tremendously active intellectuality in his art may be said to have fairly worn him out. Never physically strong, he long has struggled to work against the threatened paralysis which has now ended his life and labor. *Gwendoline*, heard after toils of composition rivalling Meyerbeer's cautiousness, was brought out at the Opéra in Paris last December. It is one of the most complicated and difficult of modern productions, and its rehearsals were incessant from sheer necessity on the part of the artists and orchestra—not unlike the instance of Wagner's *Tristan*. In this city M. Chabrier is known less well than he should be. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Damrosch have both played his brilliant bagatelle, the 'Spanish Rhapsody'; and last season Mr. Anton Seidl produced a fragment (not very attractive or characteristic) from *Gwendoline* (an *entr'acte*) at a Philharmonic. With Gounod, Tschaikowski, Lalo, and now Chabrier, the ranks of the first grade of artists of the older or newer school to-day in Europe are noticeably depleted."

There is a rumor, which certainly ought to be true, that Mr. Marion Crawford intends to return to America in January, with his wife and children, and to make himself a permanent home in this country. Italy is a delightful land to be idle in, a good country for sculptors and painters to work in, and Shelley and the Brownings found it not a bad home for poets. But Mr Crawford neither sculps nor paints nor poetizes, and it would be hard to find a man whose idling has been more strenuously deferred than his. He has certainly found appreciation enough in his own United States, and it would seem as if he were quite enough of a hustler to find a congenial air in a country where hustling is being done. He has got a great deal out of Europe, but there are plenty of Americans who can better be spared to live there. It would be venturesome to assert that his phenomenal appetite for new fields of observation can be satisfied here, but there certainly are some very inviting fields hereabouts that have not yet known the edge of his literary sickle. No one, for example, has yet dealt adequately with the curious and diverting phases of civilization to be found in San Francisco. Mr. Stevenson has touched upon it, but no more. If Mr. Crawford will look into it for us, and also do Chicago as he has done Rome and New York, we will be very considerably his debtors.

It is decidedly interesting that in the face of larger Freshman classes in almost all the more important colleges, Princeton and Cornell should show a falling off, which is attributed in both instances to an evil reputation for hazing won by both these colleges last year. Both at Ithaca and Princeton the Sophomores behaved badly last fall, and their misdeeds were noised abroad by a vigilant press. That the punishment should follow so promptly and directly upon the heels of the crime is an excellent thing, which, by attesting the alert intelligence of parents and guardians, will greatly stimulate the efforts of college authorities to protect the reputations of their institutions. At Princeton the undergraduates have formally renounced the habit of interfering with Freshmen, and undoubtedly great pains will be taken this year to promote an orderly and tolerant spirit among the Sophomores at Cornell.

The success of *Trilby* continues to be a marvel. Thanks to thousands of readers who delighted in it as it appeared in serial form, to some dozens of readers who disapproved of its morals, and to Mr. Whistler, who disliked some of its allusions, it is by very much the best-advertised book of the year. Between the people who love it for itself and those who love it for the enemies it has made, it is the object of a remarkable tribute of affectionate consideration. Of course it will be impossible for Mr. Du Maurier to stop writing stories now until he thoroughly frees his mind of its accumulated stores of narrative. He is master of a situation to which it would be hard to find a parallel in the history of letters.

Eugene Field says that inducements will be offered by the people of Chicago to Frank D. Millet to make his permanent home in that town. What the inducements are Mr. Field omits to specify, but he thinks they will fetch Mr. Millet, who is expected to go out some time this month and look them over.

Complaint was made at the meeting of the United Typothetæ last month in Philadelphia of the injustice done to the printing business by the government practice of printing envelopes for general commercial use. When Uncle Sam sells a lot of stamped envelopes he is willing, it seems, to throw in a little printing with them, or to do the printing at such small cost that it is about as good as thrown in. The Typothetæ insist that this is an interference with their business, and intend to see about it. They show no tendency towards socialism so far as the printing business is concerned.

The recent pardon by the President of all persons who have been convicted of polygamy under the teachings of the Mormon Church attests the conviction of the government that there is nothing left in Mormonism that is dangerous. Mormonism, as a form of religion, has never been persecuted in the United States. Only its unlawful practices have been interfered with. However false or defective it may be as a religion, it has a right to exist under our laws. But polygamy has no such right. That has always been a criminal offence, the law insisting that one wife or one husband at a time is enough, and that a second shall not be taken until riddance is had of the first.

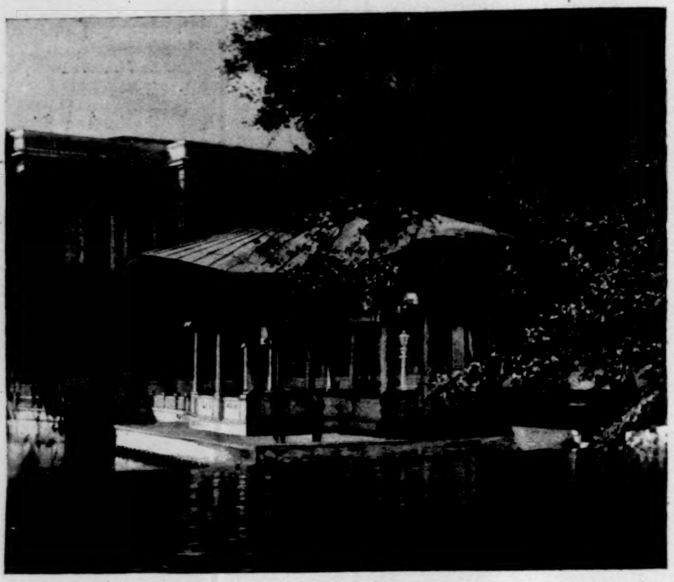
Now that Mormonism is finally rid of polygamy, it will be interesting to see what will be its future as a religion. Its doctrines, as given in the almanacs, are those of a church entitled to be called Christian, but whether, having lost its peculiar institution, it can show vitality enough to meet the competition of the other churches that are growing up in its old territory is a question. All the other peculiar sects, even the Quakers, seem to be dying out in this country.

For two years excavations have been going on at Delphi at the cost and under the supervision of the French government. The results have proved well worth the effort. The treasury of the Athenians, which has been uncovered and cleared out, proves rich in ornamental sculptures and inscriptions. The discovery of fragments of hymns, with musical notation, carved on its walls has made a very general sensation, but the adjacent treasure-houses of various Greek states and the frieze have been less talked about. These also prove to be discoveries of high interest, encouraging the excavators in their work. The great centre of interest at Delphi, the temple of Apollo, is now being laid bare under considerable difficulties, and already yields fragments and inscriptions of high value and interest to archæologists. This is the work that might have fallen to Americans if it had been possible to raise the necessary funds in this country in time.

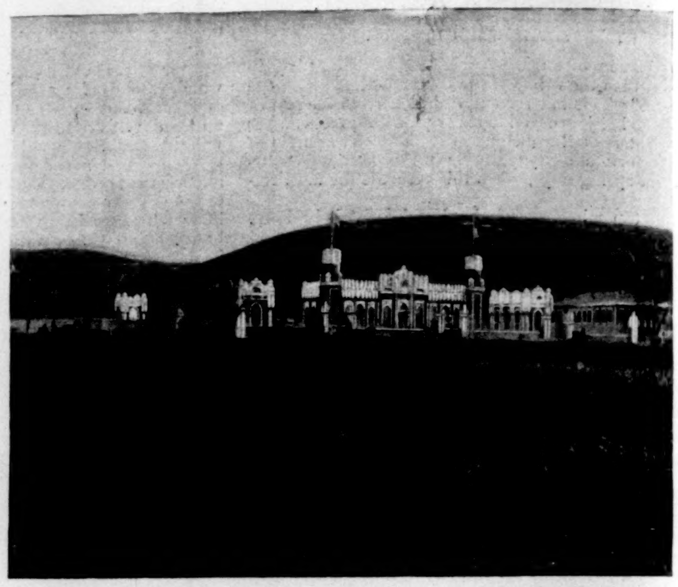
It was the unanimous opinion of the Viking Committee in Chicago that of all men in America who had brought the Scandinavian race prominently before the American people the leading one was Paul du Chaillu. For that reason the committee, through John Anderson, its president, invited him to come to Chicago on October 9th (Chicago Day) and to make the speech presenting the viking ship to the Field Museum. This is the same Brother Paul who fell heir the other day to a fortune bequeathed to him by an admiring friend. Wealth and honors seem to have a tendency to accumulate on him. It should be remembered that it is not by being a Norseman himself that he has brought the Scandinavian race before the public, but only by being the author of *The Land of the Midnight Sun*.

Doge's palaces look better in Venice than they do on busy street corners in New York. The Academy of Design, on East Twenty-third Street, was a building that every one knew, but there has been no very boisterous lamentation over its sale and probable destruction. Standing where it did, it was no longer an effective building, and the academicians are likely to improve on it when they build themselves another home. The rumor that the Metropolitan Insurance Company was negotiating for Dr. Parkhurst's church, with the idea of getting the whole block, has been denied. But it might as well be true, since no church, however satisfactory in itself, looks well close alongside of a huge mass of white stone, from the roof of which one may look down upon the top of the church steeple.

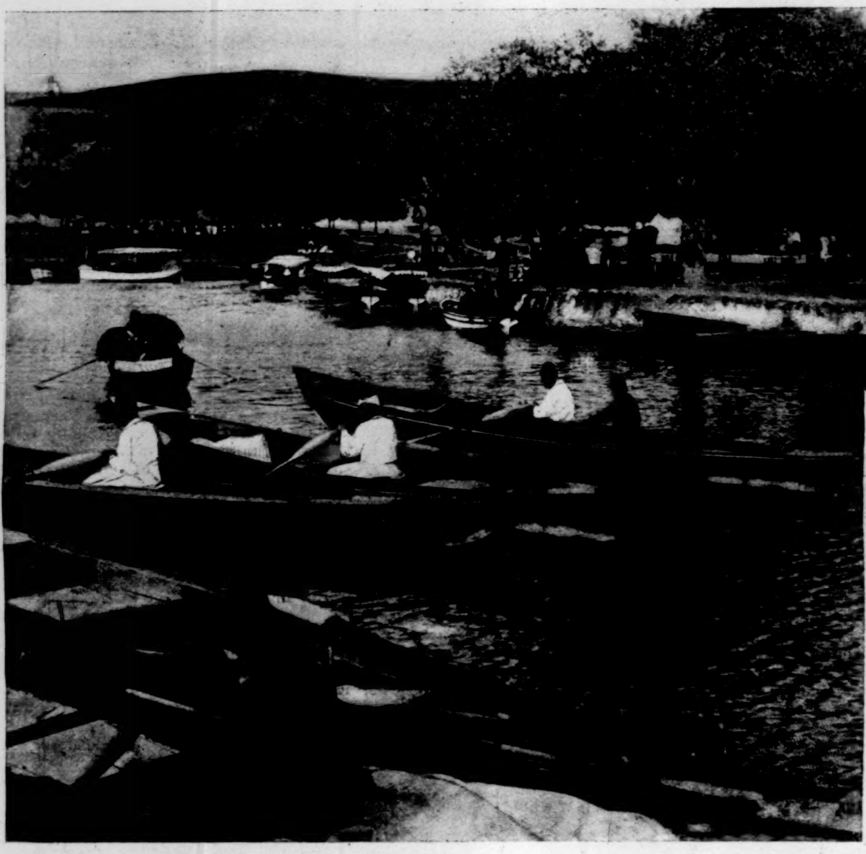
E. S. Martin.



THE SULTAN'S KIOSK.

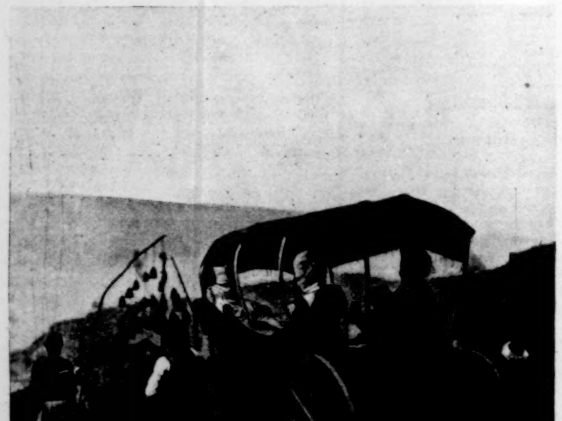


THE TURKISH ARSENAL.



TURKISH KAÏKS AND BOATMEN AT A BEND IN THE RIVER.

TURKISH WOMAN WEARING THE YASHMAK, OR VEIL.



A TURKISH WAGON FROM THE COUNTRY.

GYPSY WOMEN SINGING.

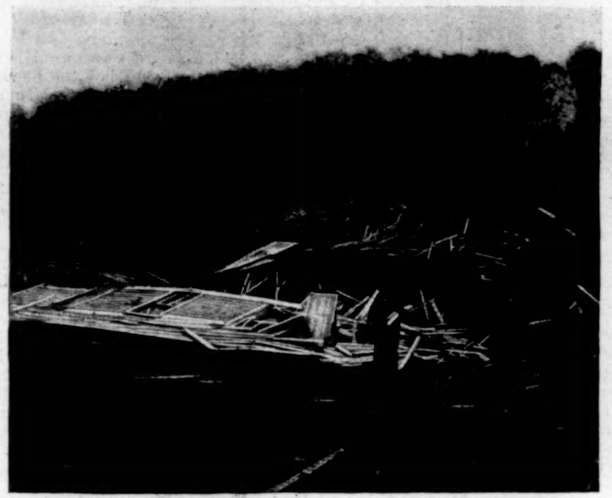
THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE—A TURKISH SUMMER RESORT.—[See Page 967.]

NORTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST, LE ROY.

RUINS OF UNION OPERA-HOUSE AND DWELLINGS NEAR IT, LE ROY.

RUINS OF THREE DWELLING-HOUSES ON MAIN STREET, LE ROY.

WRECKAGE OF GEORGE BOEVER'S HOUSE, ALGONA.



REMAINS OF SCHOOL-HOUSE, 3¼ MILES FROM ALGONA.*

VIEW OF CYCLONE-SWEPT DISTRICT, LOOKING SOUTHEAST, LE ROY.

THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONE IN IOWA AND MINNESOTA.

SOME RECENT CYCLONES.

ANY violent storm nowadays is called a cyclone, and if intensity and violence mark the differences between a cyclone, a tornado, and a hurricane, then those storms of the latter part of September and the early part of October have been rightly named. The Weather Bureau of the Agricultural Department gave notice of a severe storm that prevailed in the length and breadth of Cuba on September 23d, and which threatened to move northward. Preparations were made for it as far north as New York, but it did not come, as it blew out to sea before getting further than Florida. The storm swept over the whole of the island of Cuba, lasting two days, and doing an immense amount of harm. In Sagua la Grande the water rose to a depth of six feet, and the entire city was submerged. The neighboring sugar-plantations were much damaged by flood and wind, and the loss of life was great. As the storm came toward the United States it passed over the Key West and Dry Tortugas quarantine stations, the wind blowing at the rate of 104 miles an hour. Not much damage was done, though the government officers there were apprehensive that the buildings might be blown away at any moment.

The day before this cyclonic storm began raging in the West Indies one quite as serious had done its work of destruction in Minnesota and Iowa. The night of the 21st of September the people in the towns of Spring Valley and Le Roy, in Minnesota, and in Algona, in Iowa, went to their beds in their usual security, and without any forebodings of the dangers and the disasters that the night was to bring. At half past eleven o'clock, and without any warning, the storm bore down on Spring Valley. The barns and fences were swept away like chaff before a March gale, and scores of houses were unroofed. Then the wind increased in violence, and the frail wooden frame buildings quickly succumbed. Nearly all the people were in bed when the storm began, and they were obliged to flee from their falling houses in their night-clothes, while others not so fortunate were caught in the ruins and either killed or badly hurt. Those who were pressed down by falling timbers were obliged to remain in such perilous positions until daylight enabled the rescuing parties to relieve them. The killed in Spring Valley were three, the wounded thirty. At Le Roy the storm acted in a very similar way, and that prosperous little town was almost completely wrecked; all the buildings in the central and eastern parts of the town were levelled to the ground. At this place the storm began at precisely fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock, and lasted for several hours. Four citizens were killed, and more than forty were wounded. This storm appears to have swept through the northern part of Iowa and the eastern corner of Minnesota. In addition to the casualties at Le Roy and Spring Valley, there were deaths at Lowther, Winona, Dodge Centre, Mantry Junction, Grafton, Algona, Emmetsburg, Mason City, Knoxville, and Whittemore. The killed number not less than seventy-five, while many hundreds were more or less injured. The loss to property was very serious indeed, and many of the sufferers lost everything they had. The pictures in this issue of the WEEKLY are from photographs taken the morning after the storm at Le Roy and Algona.

For a week after this severe storm in the Northwest tolerably calm weather prevailed, at least the disturbances were not notable. Then there was an outbreak of the elements in Arkansas, and intelligence from Little Rock is to the effect that several lives were lost there and much property damaged. Of the five hundred thousand dollars of damage effected, not more than twenty-five hundred dollars' worth was covered by insurance. On the morning of 3d October the streets of Little Rock were almost impassable on account of the wreckage in the streets. Almost every building on Main Street between Markham and Third was unroofed, and in many instances entire fronts were levelled. The greatest damage was on East Markham Street, where not a single house escaped injury.

But the most complete wreck of this storm was at the Insane Asylum, three miles away from the central portion of Little Rock. The asylum buildings were on an eminence, and presented an admirable target for the wind. When the wind struck the asylum, Dr. Robinson, the superintendent, and Dr. Ingate, an assistant physician, were talking together in the hall. They separated, each walking towards his own room. The storm blew over the two towers, and Dr. Ingate was caught beneath the falling material and killed. Dr. Robinson crouched against one of the walls and escaped injury. The east wall of the male ward of the asylum was blown down, and the roof torn away. Even after the fury of the storm had subsided there was a reign of pandemonium, as madmen, unusually excited, had been released from confinement, and were beyond immediate control. Some fifteen took occasion to escape, and a few were still uncaptured two days after the storm. At the Arkansas State Penitentiary the storm did serious damage. Several buildings were blown down, and the roof of the cell-house was carried off. None of the convicts escaped, though there was very serious excitement. One man was killed. On October 3d the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department issued a weather forecast in which frequent gales on the North Atlantic were predicted, and also occasional cyclones and hurricanes. We will soon be able to tell how good the naval experts are at weather guessing.

* The ground shows plainly where this was carried with a rotary motion probably intact for 200 yards, and then dropped as shown.

CHINESE MILITARY DEGREES.

BY ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

There are regular competitive examinations of candidates for military honors in China, conducted much after the same manner as the examinations for literary rank are conducted. Competitors for the first military degree, a military bachelorship, are examined by the same officials as are literary competitors; but candidates for the second military degree are examined by the provincial governor instead of special commissioners from Peking. It seems strange to those who are accustomed to Western ideas that common civil officers, who know nothing about the practice of arms, should be deemed entirely competent in China to superintend military examinations, and to decide in regard to the relative merits and attainments of the competitors. It seems also very strange that in a land where the use of gunpowder has been known for centuries, no skill in the employment of guns and cannons should be required in candidates for military rank. Skill in archery and great physical strength are deemed of more importance than any other attainment relating to war.

Those who desire to compete for the first military degree are required to present themselves before the district magistrate of the district to which they properly belong at the time he appoints. They must first have their names entered on the list of competitors by the clerk of a certain office connected with his yamen, in order to furnish the clerk with documents stating various particulars relating to themselves, which must be certified to by some one of the class of literary graduates of the first degree, who are appointed to "act" as "securities" for candidates for the first literary degree. Without this security to their documents their names would not be recorded on the list of candidates, and they would not be allowed to enter the arena.

At the first examination before the district magistrate they are exercised in the practice of archery, standing; they are examined in regard to their proficiency in shooting at a mark, each one shooting three arrows. At the second examination before this official they are exercised in the practice of archery on horseback. In like manner they are required to shoot three arrows at a mark, but while the horse is running. At the third examination they all are exercised with large swords and with heavy stones and with stiff bows. There are three kinds of swords which they are required to brandish: one, it is said, weighs 100 pounds; the second, 120 pounds; and the other, 180 pounds. The stones are also of three different sizes: one weighs 100 pounds; another, 120; and the other, 160 pounds. These they are required to handle according to a certain rule. The bows they are exercised in bending are also of three different degrees of stiffness. It requires the expenditure of 100 pounds of strength to bend the smallest, 120 pounds of strength to bend the second size, and 160 pounds of strength to bend the third size. It is probable that in fact the strength necessary to bend the bows, to handle the stones, and to brandish the swords is considerably less than is indicated by the above figures, illustrating the difference between theory and practice, or between law and custom. No archery is exacted at the third session, but simply bending the bows and manœuvring and practising with the swords and stones, each man by himself and for himself. The names of the competitors who do not fail entirely, or who do not come below the lowest standard of merit allowable, or who do not violate some of the well-understood rules of the examination, are paraded on large sheets of paper, according to their relative attainments and worth, soon after the close of each session. The one who heads the list at the end of the third examination it is customary for the literary chancellor to graduate. A list of competitors is made out by the district magistrate at the close of his sessions for the literary chancellor to examine.

At the proper time these military competitors meet together at the rendezvous appointed by the prefect for the candidates of the different districts in his prefecture, where they pass through three sessions of examinations before him, in much the same order and with the same kind of weapons or instruments as they have already passed through before their respective district magistrates. In like manner the prefect causes a list to be made out of the candidates who have been examined before him, which he sends up to the literary chancellor. The head man on the list at the third examination before the prefect is also sure of graduation, provided he does tolerably well before the chancellor. The literary chancellor has also three sessions before him, which are usually held at his yamen, or he may have them appointed on the parade ground, as he pleases. He can graduate as many of the first military degree for each prefecture as he can graduate of the first literary degree.

The military bachelors, with artificial flowers in their caps and with silk scarfs around their shoulders, parade the streets with banners and with a band of music, in very much the same manner as do the literary bachelors after their graduation. A noticeable difference in the dress of the two classes is that the former always have round-toed boots, while the latter have square-toed boots. They are permitted to wear the button denoting their rank on their caps, but they have no pay and no employment as soldiers unless they enter the ranks of the soldiers. In such a case they have rations, and have the advantage over the common soldier of being able to compete for military employment as officers. Few of the graduates, however, enter the ranks as common soldiers.

CHINESE ARCHER.

KONG-YUM—EXAMINATION-HALL AT CANTON.
In the Brick Cells on either Hand the Literary Candidates are confined during Examination.

The examination for the second degree, or master of arts, of the military bachelors of all the province takes place at the provincial capital, under the supervision of the provincial governor as chief. He usually has four sessions. The first consists of shooting at a target with three arrows while standing on the ground. The second consists of shooting at a target with the same number of arrows from horseback while the horse is running. The third consists of archery on horseback. The target is three-sided, placed on the ground, and is called "the earth," or "the earthy ball." It is made out of leather, and measures about a foot across each of its sides. The fourth consists of an exercise with the three large swords, the three large stones, and the three large bows, much as in lower examinations before they obtained their bachelorships. The number of successful competitors for the second military degree of the province is about sixty. Law or custom makes it the duty of these men to call upon and pay their respects to the higher mandarins as soon as they have obtained their degrees. After this ceremonial is over, with great pomp and show, banners and music, they call upon their friends to honor them or to receive their congratulations.

There is doubtless considerable bribery employed by the richer class of these military candidates in order to secure a degree, and considerable favor shown at times by the examiners, but not nearly as much as in the case of literary competitors. Those in the different provinces who have attained to the second military degree must go to Peking in order to compete for the third degree. The successful competitors there are always sure of finding immediate employment in the army or navy somewhere in the empire. The unsuccessful competitors, on their return to their own provinces, may, if they please, connect themselves with the body-guard of the provincial governor, and become a kind of personal attendants upon him. They have no regular salary while in this position. After following the governor for three years, they are entitled, according to law, to employment by the government as military officers of the rank and title of a chiliarch, or colonel. In fact, however, it is affirmed, generally only those who are special favorites of the governor, or who have money to spend in the shape of presents, *alias* bribes, succeed, even after the expiration of three years' attendance upon him, in becoming colonels. Those who use bribes need not wait the three years before they are appointed to a command.

Before drawing my paper to a close I should mention that national conceit is a quality more highly developed among Chinamen than among any other people, and though thoroughly aware of the superiority of the foreign organization and arms, it not unfrequently happens that the mandarins shrink from publicly acknowledging it in the face of their countrymen.

REVIEWING OFFICER ON HORSEBACK.

To such an absurd length is this paltry vanity carried that officers commanding drilled troops have been known to reserve the use of rifles for the enclosed barrack-yards, and to review their men in public armed with matchlocks, spears, and bows. A want of appreciation of the importance of being thoroughly well armed and prepared for an enemy can alone account for the existence of such folly, and it will require some very convincing home-thrusts before these national coxcombs will be brought frankly to admit that their continued existence as a nation depends on the thoroughness with which they adopt European arms and tactics. Professedly they are fully alive to the value of an ever-ready standing army, but their convictions never advance beyond the abstract stage of principle; they content themselves with the invention of grandiloquent phrases, and leave the truths they embody to take care of themselves.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF GEORGIA.

Mr. William G. Atkinson, just elected, as the Democratic nominee, to be the next Governor of Georgia, is not known to any extent outside of his own State. Hitherto the older men with reputations gained during the times of the Confederacy have been dominant in the politics of Georgia. The election of Mr. Atkinson is a loud and earnest protest against the old régime. His opponent before the nominating convention was General Evans, a Confederate soldier of note, and a man of tried abilities, but Mr. Atkinson, with his light weight of less than forty years, won the race without much difficulty. Mr. Atkinson—Bill Atkinson they call him in Georgia—represents much that in the old days would have been held in light esteem. His antecedents are humble, and he earned as a boy the money with which to pass through the University of Georgia, and afterwards to study law. He entered politics as soon as he obtained his majority, and if some stories are to be credited, he had political ambitions long before he was old enough to vote. When he was sixteen years old he drove a load of cord-wood to Newnan, the nearest town to his father's farm. As he stood at the head of his team waiting for a customer, some lads who knew him at school jeered at him, and with laughter called out, "Look at Bill Atkinson!"

"Never mind," Atkinson is said to have replied; "look at Bill Atkinson, for some day Bill Atkinson will be Governor of Georgia."

Mr Atkinson has served several terms in the State Legislature, and has also been Speaker of the House. He was Chairman of the State Democratic Committee during the last Presidential campaign. In the Legislature Mr. Atkinson's greatest prominence has been gained by leading the opposition to the effort to give to the State, and secure State support for it, the Home for Confederate Veterans. This institution was built by private subscriptions, but it is now

in ruins for lack of funds. Though the Republicans joined with the Populists, and there were dissensions within the Democratic party, Atkinson has won by a very much reduced majority. Next month the Populists will enter the Congressional contest with renewed hope, as they had in this election majorities in several districts. Why there should be such antagonism between the Populist and Democratic parties in Georgia is not quite clear, for Mr. Atkinson and the generality of his party associates are zealous advocates of the free coinage of silver and a tax on incomes.

HOW NEW YORK IS KEPT PARTIALLY CLEAN.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.—ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.

THAT New York ought to be the cleanest city in the world is a time-honored proposition. That New York is not the cleanest city in the world is a proposition equally old and familiar. The reasons why New York should be what it is not in this respect are several: (1) It is located on a narrow strip of land, with tide-swept waters on either side; (2) it has a natural water-shed running almost its entire length; (3) its highest portions are northerly, from whence the water supply must come; (4) the municipality expends an enormous sum annually in the attempt at cleanliness.

The reasons why New York is not what it should be in the matter of cleanliness are also several. They may be synopsized thus:

1. The citizens as a rule do not realize their obligations in the matter, and do not aid the authorities as they might.
2. Building contractors, gas companies, and others whose duties necessitate obstruction or tearing up of the street pavements do not as a rule seem to feel that they have any interest whatever in the question of the city's cleanliness.
3. The municipal authorities having charge of the construction of road-beds have usually been "penny wise and pound foolish" in their original expenditures, and thus have made road-beds that in the main are uncleanable.

A GARBAGE-SORTER FROM THE EAST SIDE.

4. A like niggardliness has been shown in regard to water-supply and hydrant facilities.
5. The Department of Street-Cleaning, which has direct charge of the city's entire scavenger system, has long been conducted as a department of the dominant political machine; its policy has usually been, therefore, "We take the spoils, and the dev—, that is to say, the dirt, take the streets," which invitation the dirt has not been slow to accept.

Specifications under each head of this rather sweeping arraignment will appear as we proceed.

Let us consider the exact conditions of the problem set the Street-cleaning Department, and inquire what efforts are made to meet these conditions. As has been implied, this department has no control whatever over the construction of road-beds or the city's water supply. Neither has it any concern with the sewerage system or the disposal of sewage. On the other hand, it has complete control of the entire system of street sweeping, cleaning, and watering (with the inconspicuous exception of certain streets leading out of the parks), and of the removal and final disposition of all household refuse and garbage. In a word, the problem set the Street-cleaning Department is how to free the city from all objectionable refuse of whatever character, except sewage.

The arrangement of thoroughfares in all but the oldest portions of New York has the merit of extreme simplicity. For about two and a half miles northward from the Battery, it is true, the streets are chaotic, as city streets are usually expected to be, but from there on toward the northern extremity of the island, for about seven miles, they are arranged with the utmost regularity. But a very anomalous fact in this connection can hardly fail to impress any one who glances at a map of the city. The thoroughfares that run parallel with the long axis of the island (called avenues) number only about six to the mile, whereas those running across town (named streets) number about twenty to the mile. Taken in connection with the obvious fact that the bulk of traffic in the city must always be up and down rather than across the island, this paucity of avenues is very singular. For the entire traffic up and down the island there are but fourteen thoroughfares, and two of these are interrupted for two and a half miles of their course by Central Park. The inevitable result is the abnormal congestion of all the avenues, and the giving over of all of them to miscellaneous traffic, and of all but one of them to street-car lines. Had our forerunners in laying out the city simply reversed their plan, making the avenues relatively numerous, the streets relatively few—which, as it now appears, would have been the rational and natural order of things—it would be easy to reserve certain avenues for driveways and speedways, as is done in other cities, without seriously interfering with business traffic. But under existing conditions this is impossible. Hence in paving avenues, even more than in paving cross streets, the desideratum is a durable material rather than one that will make a pleasant road-bed to drive over. The most durable material available is without question the granite block, and with this about seventy-five per cent. of all the thoroughfares of New York are paved. Twenty per cent. are macadamized, and five per cent. have beds of asphalt—alluring to reinsman and bicyclist. The granite-block road-beds are alluring to no one. The blocks themselves are rough, and they are laid loosely, at intervals of one or two inches, the result being a road-bed well calculated to jolt the patience out of occupants of all manner of vehicles, and to deafen the community at large. The best that can be said of the road-beds of the city as a whole, therefore, is that they might possibly be worse. Road-making is a process of evolution, and the granite block is at least a stage ahead of the cobble-stone, which still infests the streets of our neighbor city across the bridge. But the time will come—would that it might come quickly!—when the granite block as at present used in New York will be regarded as a relic of a din-loving barbarism.

SWEEPING BY THE POST-OFFICE AT NIGHT—CITY HALL PARK.

However, the Street-cleaning Department in the matter of road-beds is as helpless as the citizen at large. It must accept conditions as it finds them. Its task is to clean streets that, because of their roughness and the amount of dirt and gravel accumulated in the wide interstices of the blocks, are intrinsically uncleanable. Such a task is not enticing, but any one who accepts it ought surely to approach it with energy if not with enthusiasm. How far from this have been the efforts of most of our Street-cleaning Commissioners of the past it would be humiliating to relate. Passing the time, by no means remote, when the alleged workers in this department seemed but a horde of money-grabbers, with no idea whatever of cleaning the streets, it is pleasant to be able to record that of late an appreciable effort is being made to bring order out of chaos in our Department of Street-Cleaning. The spoils system still mars the work, but aside from this, the methods of the department are becoming more rational. The plan of operation now involves, as must every large executive work if it would succeed, a divided and accurately traceable responsibility for the details of work, and a unified responsibility for the work as a whole.

To make the application. The city as a whole is divided into 11 districts, each comprising 35 miles of streets, and presided over by a superintendent; and 58 sections, of about six and a half miles each, in charge of a foreman. Each superintendent and foreman is directly responsible for the condition of his district to the commissioner, who is responsible to the Mayor for the condition of the whole. The extent of streets cared for is 592 miles, of which 375 miles are swept daily except Sunday, and the remainder twice or three times a week. The average number of sweepers employed is 1200. Their salary, heretofore $50 per month, was recently raised by the Legislature to $60.

The bulk of the street-sweeping is done at night, instead of in the early morning as in Paris. This is made necessary by the meagre equipment of sweeping-machines, of which there are but 69. Of watering-carts, to precede the sweepers, there are but 25. The sweeping-machines make their rounds singly, passing up one side of the street and back the other. In the case of avenues (which are 60 feet wide between curbs) and wider streets the machine must make several tours before it has shifted the dirt into the gutters.

The sweeping-machines in use are of two sizes. The smaller ones are considerably wider than those in use in Paris. Their draught is increased also by our rough pavements, and any one who has watched one of them in operation must feel that it is too heavy a load for a single horse. The larger machines are drawn by two horses, and make much more uniform and rapid progress. It would probably be economical in the end to use two-horse machines altogether, or else to have the single-horse machines made of

FILLING SPRINKLER FROM HYDRANT, UNION SQUARE.

smaller size. In the latter event the machine would probably be drawn enough faster to cover the same ground as the present machines without overtaxing the horse. But whether or not this proved the case the change should be made.

The work of the sweeping-machines is supplemented by that of an army of men with brooms and scrapers, who sweep the lines of dirt into heaps, and continue throughout the day to patrol the streets. Comment has already been made upon the energy of action of the average hand-sweeper. But it should be added that the efforts of even such as may desire to accomplish tangible results are often rendered nugatory by the dusty condition of the road-bed. The 25 watering-carts that precede the sweeping-machines constitute the department's entire equipment for this service. Except for this very tentative effort, no attempt is made by the department to sprinkle the streets. The privilege of sprinkling is let to a firm of contractors, who sprinkle only where they are paid to go by private owners, carefully skipping all property that does not pay toll. As a large proportion of owners who can afford to pay are out of the city during the dusty season, and as a still larger proportion of owners are landlords, not over-solicitous about the comfort of their tenants, it follows that large areas of street surface in the city are never sprinkled. In such regions the broom-manipulators on windy days—and the days usually are windy in New York—tend to scatter the dust rather than collect it. In some regions a ludicrous attempt has been made to remedy this by arming the sweepers with watering-pots. The spectacle of a lethargic sweeper sprinkling a few feet, cautiously depositing the pot, and as cautiously taking up his broom, sweeping for a few moments in a way quite as cautious, then perhaps taking up the pot and going off half a block in search of a hydrant, is worthy of a kinetoscope. The obvious remedy is for the city to assume direct charge of the street sprinkling, supplying the Street-cleaning Department with a sufficient number of carts, putting in additional hydrants from which hose may be operated, keeping all streets decently moist, and taxing all property-owners for the purpose, regardless of their individual desires in the premises.

The broad avenues leading northward from Central Park, which are the main thoroughfares leading to suburban speedways, are never cleaned at all, but these are under jurisdiction of the Board of Public Parks, and their condition is not to be charged against the Street-cleaning Department. For the rest, it may be said of the streets of the city that a manifest attempt is being made of late to make them clean; and even an attempt in this direction evidences most pronounced and gratifying progress. But whether the attempt will continue should Tammany regain full confidence in herself at the coming elections is at least open to question in view of past experience.

The special difficulties encountered in street-cleaning are numerous. For example, the road-beds, bad as they were in the first place, are constantly made worse by being torn up in the laying or repairing of gas or sewer or water pipes, the putting in of cable and other street-car lines, and the like. The car tracks themselves are, of course, an evil in the eye of the street-cleaner, and, indeed, it does seem as if the street-car companies might fairly be made to sweep their own tracks daily. The double rows of posts of the elevated railroads are a most formidable obstacle to the progress of the sweeper in several of the most important thoroughfares.

These are evils beyond immediate remedy, but so much cannot be said of the blocking of the narrow streets by carts left standing overnight, and in particular of the utterly unprincipled methods of builders in disposing piles of sand, beds of mortar, iron girders, bundles of lath, and other material in the streets in front of their buildings for weeks or months together. The city ordinance allows a builder to utilize the street for five feet from the curb for this purpose, but it would be hard to find a builder who thinks of complying with this law. It is not at all difficult, on the other hand, to find instances where the material covers the street to within about five feet of the opposite curb, leaving barely room for a team to pass. In streets so obstructed—and one may see them in any direction in the city—it is useless to expect even relative cleanness.

But the especial bugbear of the street-cleaning service is not due to human agency. It is the snow-storm. Such a visitation as the notorious blizzard of 1888 no one could hope to cope with. But even in ordinary winters it has been estimated that more than three million cart-loads of snow sometimes falls in forty-eight hours on streets that the department is supposed to keep clean. Needless to say, most of this snow never occupies a cart. A tentative effort is, indeed, made in principal thoroughfares (usually, hitherto, with the aid of the notorious "padrone" system, by which a contractor furnishes gangs of workmen who receive less for the work than the city nominally pays, the difference being pocketed by some one in authority), but nothing like general removal of snow after heavy storms is attempted. At such times the Street-cleaning Department confesses itself practically helpless. At all other times, as has been said, this department now makes an effort to clean the streets. The result is that our streets are less filthy than formerly. They are not yet actually clean, nor will they ever be so—no matter how zealous and competent may be the commissioner in charge—until, on the one hand, citizens at large have learned what are their obligations in the matter, and, on the other, Tammany with its spoils system has been forced from the control of municipal affairs.

The scavenger service of the city is conducted according to exactly the same system and under the same official supervision as the street-sweeping service, which it supplements. The carts that collect the street sweepings collect also the household refuse of every description, the entire mass of refuse being, under existing conditions, jumbled together, and disposed of in the same way. That this is theoretically wrong hardly needs saying. There should be three separate and distinct collections of city refuse—the first comprising street sweepings; the second, coal ashes and other non-putrescible matter; and the third, putrescible matter, or garbage. At present, however, for reasons to be mentioned presently, this is not feasible, and the refuse is indiscriminately mixed.

The total amount of refuse produced in a city is, speaking broadly, about one and a half cubic yards yearly for each resident. The exact amount collected in New York last year was 1,706,632 cart-loads. The carts employed are two-wheeled affairs, made of iron. The capacity of each is almost two cubic yards. The number in regular use varies

DAY SWEEPERS ON MADISON SQUARE.

DAY SWEEPERS NEAR THE FOOT OF WALL STREET.

ITALIAN RAG-PICKERS SORTING REFUSE IN SCOWS.

from about 520 in summer to about 600 in winter. Carts and horses—the latter to the number of 700—are owned by the department. Each cart is in charge of a single driver and collector, who patrols a given district daily. He begins work at six in the morning, and continues until all refuse of his district has been collected, which is usually late in the day. When loaded, the cart is covered with a heavy canvas, and driven to the nearest "dump." Each driver collects on an average from seven to ten loads a day.

The exact character of the refuse varies with the season. In winter coal ashes furnish by far the largest share of it. According to some estimates about 7,000,000 tons of coal are consumed in the city each year, and the residue left in the form of ashes and clinkers after burning is about 17 per cent., or 1,190,000 tons. In summer the percentage of putrescible matter in the refuse is greatly increased. To mention but a single vegetable that aids prominently in producing this change, there are about 750,000 watermelons shipped into the city during each of the later summer months, the rinds of which in the aggregate produce an enormous mass of garbage. The total amount of refuse is much greater in winter than in summer; but seasonal changes aside, the amount of refuse produced from day to day and week to week is remarkably uniform.

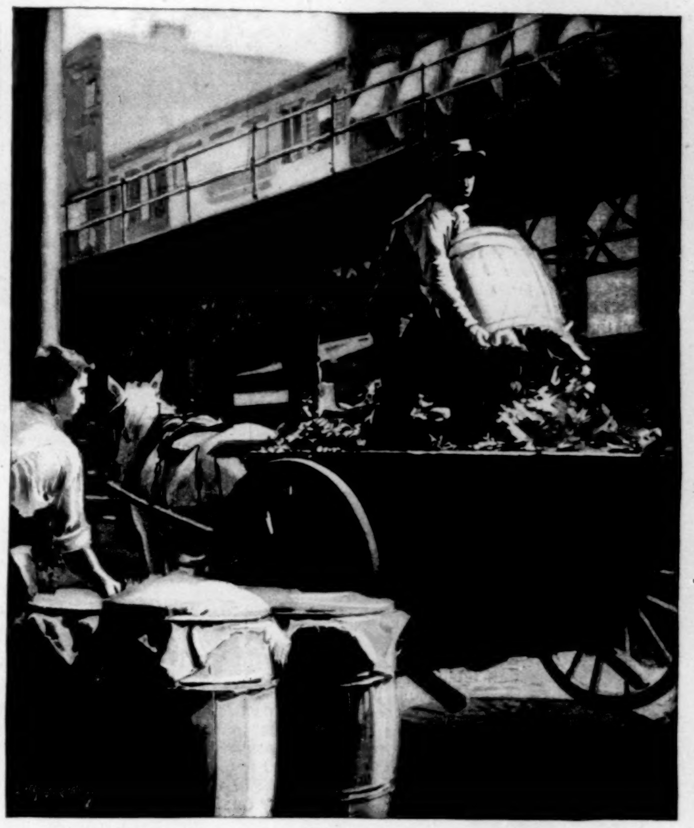
At all seasons the bulk of the refuse is much greater than it should be, owing to the extravagance and wastefulness of servants, and to the general carelessness that prevails in regard to throwing into the ash-pail many things that might easily and unobjectionably be consumed in kitchen ranges. In regard to wastefulness there is said to have been a marked improvement of late years, but whether this evidences permanent advance or only the stress of the times remains to be seen. Gas ranges are beginning to cut an important figure in the reduction of the amount of refuse.

The "dumps" to which the refuse is hauled by the collecting carts are located at convenient intervals along the East and North rivers. They are about a score in number, and the average distance of the haul to reach them is only about one mile, this being one of the important advantages of location that make cleaning the city relatively easy. At each dump a scow is moored, into which the contents of the carts are emptied. This gives opportunity for a very different system of unofficial scavenging from that of Paris. There the scavenger must seek his prizes in the ash-barrel before the collector reaches it. In New York a certain amount of ash-barrel scavenging is done in a desultory way from door to door, mainly by Italian women in search of bread crusts and other morsels of food. But the systematic scavenging is done at the dumps, from hour to hour, as the refuse is discharged. An Italian contractor purchases the privilege of "trimming" the scows, as it is termed, paying the city $130,000 a year for the exclusive privilege. He sublets the privilege for the individual dumps to contractors, who hire assistants, personally conduct the work of scavenging, and make such profit as they can from the sales of rescued articles.

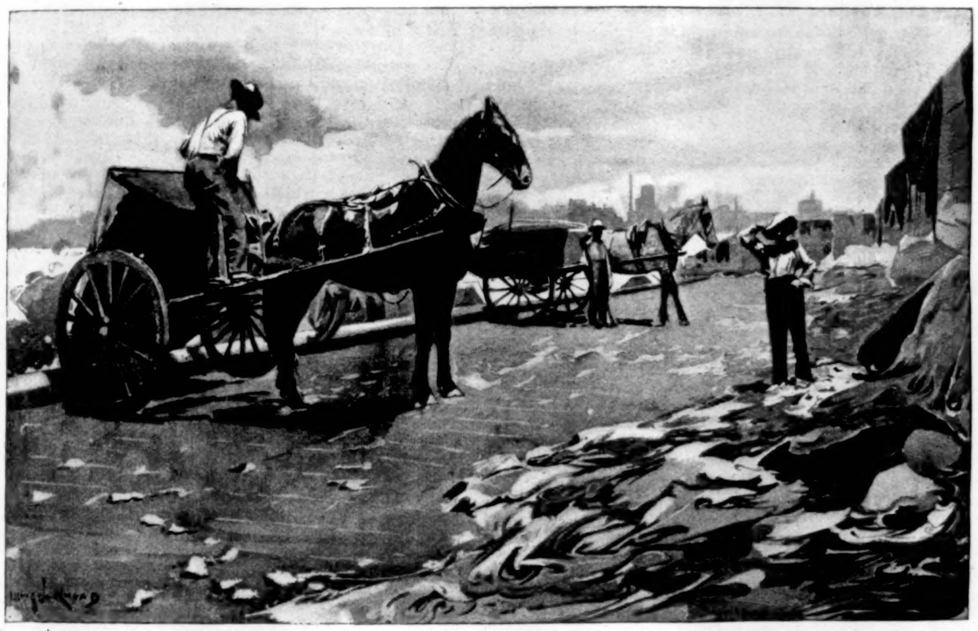
It is well worth the time of any New-Yorker who is disposed to feel that his lot in life is a hard one to go to one of the garbage dumps—the one at Seventeenth Street, East River, is convenient and typical—and learn to be content. Going at any hour of the day, except Sunday, you will find there a remittent stream of refuse-carts climbing the inclined plane to the upper dock that overhangs the garbage-scow, and discharging their contents amidst clouds of dust. Looking from this upper dock into the depths of the scow, you will see, when the dust has partly risen, a band of fourteen Italian workmen, knee-deep in refuse, enveloped in ever-recurring clouds of dust, so dirt-begrimed that their always dark skins and their once light-hued clothing are of a uniform soot-color. Each worker handles a many-tined fork, and in intervals of dodging the refuse, which momentarily threatens to engulf him as it descends from the carts by the half-ton, digs vigorously into the never-lessening piles of refuse, scanning eagerly each forkful as he thrusts it back of him, and extracting from it any particle of matter that can possibly be supposed to have market value. All day long, in sun or rain as it happens, in filth, dirt, and dust always, these men work on, and between them they scan every particle of refuse that the carts bring to them. Their gleanings are rudely sorted as they discover them, placed in pails, and raised to the lower floor of the dock, where another band of workers sorts them still further, and makes them ready for marketing.

This lower dock—roofed at a height of about six feet by the upper dock from which the carts discharge their loads—is also worthy of a visit. Here you will see what it is that the citizen wastes and the contractor saves. In this corner is a great heap of bones. These will sell, you are told, for sixty cents a barrel to makers of soap-grease and buttons and fertilizers. Over there are scraps of fat, which have a somewhat similar destination. Beyond are scraps of cloth, which will be baled and sold for sixty to seventy cents per hundred-weight. And there, across the dock, are bottles—miscellaneous bottles that bring $1.20 a barrel (fifty or sixty dollars' worth of these are gathered weekly at a single dump), broken bottles that bring much less, and ginger-ale bottles with patent stoppers that bring a good deal more. Then there are miscellaneous piles of old carpets that bring twenty-five cents a hundred-weight, and seem dear enough at that; and piles of zinc, and of old iron, and of brass, and so on till the list of things that could possibly be in refuse is exhausted.

Two things only that you might expect to find are missing from the heaps of sorted gleanings, namely, old tin utensils and scraps of paper. Old tin cans are sometimes saved for the solder, but the tin itself is not worth reclaiming, and new paper can be made from wood pulp so cheaply that the old is not worth gathering. Paper in one form, however, is collected—that which has been made into books and periodicals other than daily papers. Here in this corner is the literary budget. You are almost sure to pause for a passing glance at it, to learn what books and periodicals have been rescued this morning from their ill-chosen resting-place. Not so ill-chosen after all, you will think, as you glance at the titles of some of the penny-dreadfuls that adorn the heap. You wonder rather that Mr. Comstock has not put an embargo on scavenging in this particular line. But here too are other publications never meant for such company—a *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, a *Popular Educator*, and a HARPER'S WEEKLY. And there, as we turn the heap, appears a forlorn copy of the *Scarlet Letter*, sandwiched—shade of Hawthorne!—between *Thicker than Water* and *The Girl in Trousers*. Your curiosity in this direction is surely satisfied without further prying.



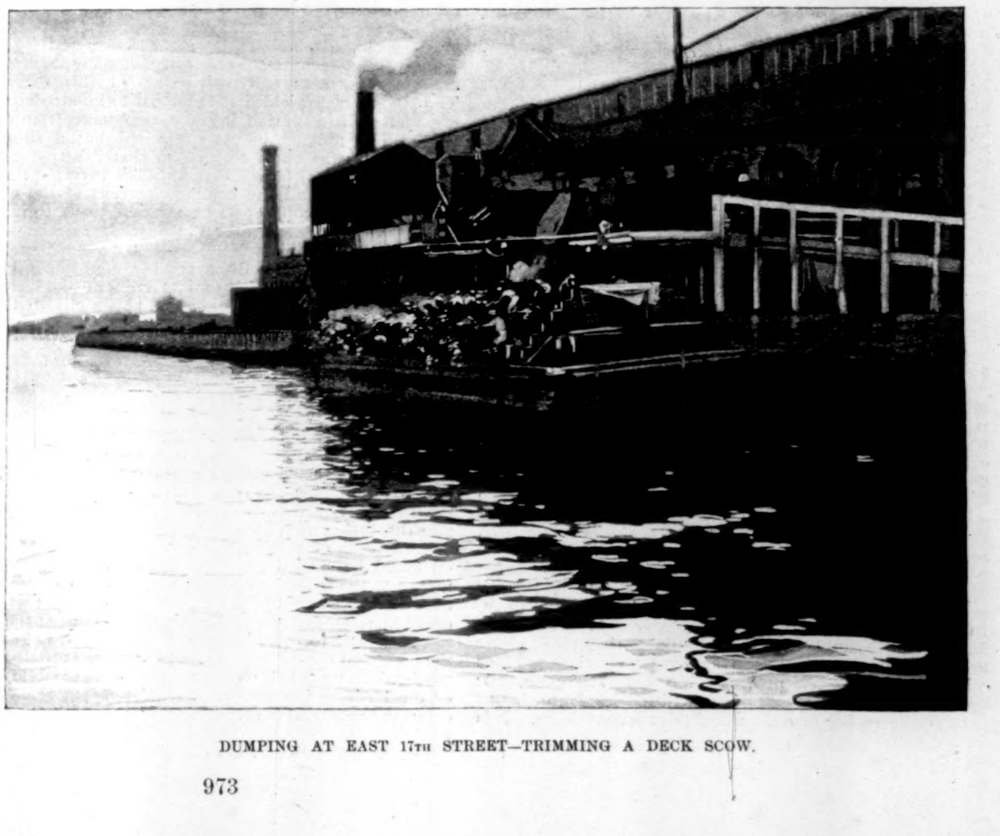
REMOVING GARBAGE NEAR THE FRUIT-DEALERS' DISTRICT.



EMPTYING GARBAGE INTO SCOWS—RAGS DRYING ON THE DOCK.

In the rear of this lower dock, beyond the piles of bones and fat, you will doubtless notice some dark cubby-holes, which, as far as the half-light that penetrates them permits you to see, contain nothing but rude shelves across their entire width, over which old bits of carpet are thrown. You will probably marvel as to the use of these dens until your guide informs you that they are the sleeping-apartments of the workmen about you. Here these honest laborers pass five nights of the week, each dreaming, no doubt, of happy days of opulence to come, when he shall himself be the boss of a dump, or at least the proud possessor of a push-cart or corner fruit-stand. Saturday night they go to their homes; Sunday morning they draw their week's wages; Monday morning bright and early they are at the dump again. A dog's life, you say? Perhaps; yet these men seem happy enough as they work. Probably they are as well, or as ill, content with their lot in life as most of us. All things mundane are relative, the philosophers tell us.

About twenty-four of these laborers are required to man a single dump, and they receive each $1 a day. The sub-contractor, therefore, pays out about $150 a week for labor. His contract costs him almost as much more. His gleanings must therefore bring him more than $50 a day if he is to make a profit. Just what profit is made cannot be ascertained. During the summer season, when the well-to-do people are out of town, the contractors claim to run their business at a loss. But they make a steady profit in the

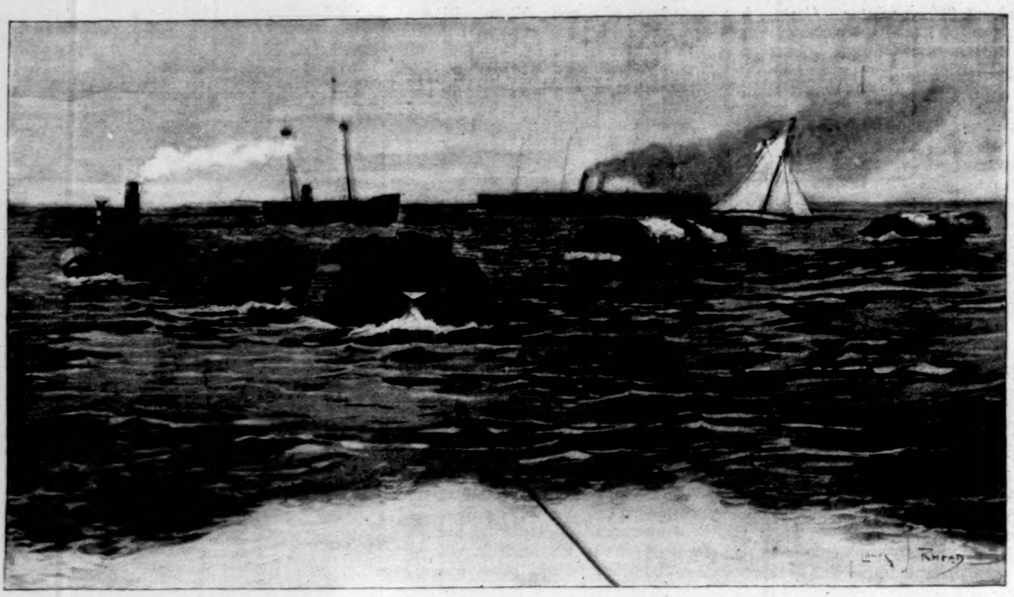


DUMPING AT EAST 17TH STREET—TRIMMING A DECK SCOW.

winter; and a special harvest comes twice each year, in April and September, when people are preparing to move and are doing the semiannual house-cleaning. Taking the year as a whole, the business of gleaning must, of course, bring a profit, or it would not be conducted. And this means that the miscellaneous matter rescued from the dumps must bring not less than a quarter of a million dollars a year. In all probability the actual sum is vastly larger than this minimum estimate.

The amount of refuse received at each dump averages almost a scow-load a day. When full the scows are towed down the bay and through the Narrows, and, if the law is complied with, out as far as *Scotland* Light-ship, opposite Sandy Hook, before their loads are deposited in the ocean. Some of the scows used are ordinary flat-boats, requiring a crew of men to throw their cargo overboard. Others are of an ingenious pattern, so constructed that the two sides of the hull open at the keel, like an oyster, and allow their load to drop down into the ocean as they proceed. These patent scows require but two men to work the windlass by which they are dumped. Thirteen scows of this pattern are in use, the city paying an annual rental of $97,000 for them—a rental that seems enormously disproportionate in view of the fact that the owners of the scows are very anxious to sell them outright to the city for $350,000. In addition to the patent scows the city hires as many ordinary deck scows as may be needed. It has further to pay for the tugs that haul the scows to sea. The total cost per thousand loads of disposing of the refuse at sea is about $180.

All in all, therefore, dumping at sea is not a cheap method of garbage disposal. Even if it were cheap, however, it is not a commendable or even a permissible method of disposal. It has been adopted as a makeshift by New York as by many other seaport cities because it seemed easiest in the beginning, but it can nowhere be regarded as a finality. New York, having awakened at last to a realization of this fact, is at the present moment endeavoring to find a more rational method of final refuse disposal. The solution will be found ultimately in the separation of garbage from other refuse, its reduction by fire to a state of innocuousness, and the final utilization of the entire mass of refuse, after such treatment, for purposes of fertilization and of land-making about docks and wherever submerged lands may be reclaimed. It is said that such a useful reform would have been inaugurated a good while ago had it not been that certain high authorities were wedded to the old method of disposal, and would not consent to a change. It is hinted that their conservatism found its warrant not so much in conviction as in a species of jobbery, which will readily suggest itself to any one familiar with New York political methods. But circumstances have at last forced the necessity for a change, and it is probable that in the near future an improved street-cleaning and scavenger system in the metropolis will be supplemented by a rational method of ultimate refuse disposal.



DUMPING-GROUNDS SOUTH OF "SCOTLAND" LIGHT-SHIP, SHOWING SELF-DUMPERS OPENING AT THE BOTTOM AS THEY GO ALONG.

A ROMANCE OF THE NEW ERA.*

FIVE hundred years ago the commerce of central Europe was subject to a form of taxation which is famous in history and in legend. Noblemen and knights, who could not support the dignity of their rank from the revenues of their lands, thought it more becoming to their high birth to live and enrich themselves "by the stirrup" than by industry and economy. "The servant on the watch-tower," says the historian of Germany, "looked for the train of the merchant moving over the wretched roads or upon the river; he called the greedy throng to horse, and they lay in ambush in the gloom of the wood, at an angle of the road, or by a chain stretched across the stream, until the convoy of beasts of burden, wagons, or boats, with its guards, was thrown into confusion or mastered. The goods were carried off, and the tradesman placed in confinement until ransomed at a heavy price, or, if this could not be, was put to a painful death." These practices were discouraged by wise rulers, and finally suppressed. But many proud estates and families of the nineteenth century have inherited their greatness from ancestors who achieved it in this manner. Others, indeed, grew rich without resorting to violence. It was only necessary to obtain a grant from emperor or feudal lord to levy tolls at some point on a great natural highway, a river, or a mountain pass; or, with more show of right, upon some road opened or maintained by themselves, and to collect them by force in the name of law, and men of arms rapidly became masters of such wealth as neither the savings of industry nor the gains of commerce could rival.

The robber barons have disappeared, but their descendants live in idle luxury on the estates which they acquired, while the children of their plundered victims continue to pay them rent in many forms, rejoicing that in an improved civilization their earnings and products cannot be seized by robbers. In the dim light of romance these old deeds of violence and wrong are softened; the heroism and the suffering inspire the imagination and hush the sympathies, so that we read of them with pleasure. The meanness and cruelty of the bandit's career fall out of memory as tradition hands it on, and if he had been magnificent in daring and lavish with the property of others, he becomes a hero of the people and a theme of song. England has but one Robin Hood, and Tennyson, her great poet of law and right, has decorated him with the full flower of his genius. Europe has a thousand whose careers, more or less like his, are remembered with something of sympathy and admiration by communities which, without hesitation or thought of mercy, would hang any man who should to-day imitate their deeds. The arbitrary toll grants, so common, especially in Germany, only a few generations ago, are now unknown, and there is no civilized country in which the government could survive an attempt to bestow them on its favorites. In nothing do our times differ more widely from the mediæval world, as we boast, than in the standard of respect for the rights of property, which is now imposed alike upon rulers and subjects, and by which their conduct is judged.

But the book before us challenges this boast as superficial and essentially false. What was the nature of the offence which the robber knights and the armed toll-gatherers committed against society? Surely the violence and cruelty of which they were often guilty were but incidents of their work, means forced upon them by resistance or other difficulties, and which they would gladly have avoided. Even the general lawlessness and disorder to which they so largely contributed, and the destruction of industry and trade which followed their depredations, were not sought by them. It was for their interest that production and commerce should abound, and should be protected from all interference except their own. The one motive and aim which distinguished them from the most peaceful and useful citizens was to appropriate the fruits of the industry of others. In pursuing this end they used whatever means were at hand. In the simple society of the times they could resort to no complicated agencies and vast organizations, such as a later civilization has produced, but must rely upon their own arms, castles, and retainers, with such advantages as individual cunning or military experience gave them. It is not the turreted fortress on the wooded height, nor the lance and plume of the mailed warrior, nor even the toilsome march of the pack-horse on the nearly impassable roads, that symbolizes for us the flaw in the civilization of the fourteenth century and the cause of its misery. It is rather the fact that then one man labored and another entered into his labors; that neither law nor custom nor public opinion enforced and protected the right of the producer to hold and freely to transport and exchange the products of his industry. It is that the ultimate possession and enjoyment of the wealth of the world were not shared by men in any proportion to their contributions to that wealth. It is that the greatest prosperity was obtained by obstructing industry and trade. Now the purpose of this book is to prove that in all these respects our republican society to-day is like the decayed feudal society of the ages of disorder in Europe.

It is a history of the origin and growth of the richest monopoly in the world, the combination known as the Standard Oil Trust. More than sixty years ago it was known that illuminating oil of an excellent quality could be extracted from bituminous coal; and the process was rapidly improved, so that in 1860 there were more than threescore manufactories of it in this country. Lamps for burning it were invented in numbers, and their convenience and brilliancy were bringing them into extensive use. In that year it was first discovered that vast deposits of rock-oil lie under the soil of Pennsylvania and adjoining States, which the chemist can easily refine, so as to equal the best coal-oil. Throughout wide districts, wherein wells were driven, the oil flowed like water. The cost was almost nothing, and in two years the native product could be bought in any quantity for ten cents a barrel. Thousands of men at once learned the simple business of distilling it for use, and refineries sprang up everywhere. The new means of producing artificial light rapidly superseded other illuminating substances, especially for household use, and spread throughout the world, adding a staple product of first-class importance to the exports of the country. Within ten years the beneficence of this gift of nature was felt in the increased comfort of a million homes, and in the creation of a vast and prosperous trade.

It seemed that no department of human activity offered less encouragement to the spirit of monopoly than the production, refinement, and distribution of this natural oil. The lands which yielded it belonged to hundreds of owners, and additional rich fields were opened from time to time. The refining industry required but a simple apparatus, and was easily learned, so that it attracted many enterprising men of small capital. The carrying trade was in the hands of all the common carriers of the country, with the small shopkeepers everywhere ready to buy from the manufacturers. If ever a business seemed secure from monopoly, it was this. Yet hardly five years passed, after the value of the great discovery became known, before a mysterious power was felt to interfere with the business in every branch, from the sinking of new wells to the final distribution of oil among consumers. It was the refiners who first suffered. Those who paid the standard prices announced by the railroads for transportation found themselves undersold. Their business became unprofitable. It soon transpired that a private combination, possessed of large refineries, which were not superior to others in apparatus or in accessibility, were always able to undersell competitors. Many were driven out of the business, compelled either to close their works or to sell them at nominal prices to the combination, the only purchaser, before the secret of the new power was disclosed. But it was soon learned that this little group of refiners, whose home was Cleveland, were masters of every important line of railway by which oil could be carried from the wells to the refineries, and thence to the several great markets. They had secret contracts with these roads, entitling them to enormous preferences in rates, and even to a large bonus out of the higher rates charged to other shippers. Courts and Legislatures, the press and committees of Congress, were appealed to; investigations were held; every engine which public opinion or the business interests of the independent refiner could command was tried in attacking these discriminations. The history of the struggle may be read in detail in Mr. Lloyd's pages. But the result was everywhere the same. The business of refining oil became and remains practically a complete monopoly in the hands of the Standard Oil Company.

Not satisfied with this, the combination assumed many forms and corporate names, and grasped at other branches of the world-wide business of artificial illumination. Its control of the railroads stimulated the construction by competitors of pipe lines to convey the oil; and one by one, by the skilful use of every device which unscrupulous power, armed with vast capital, can apply, these fell into its hands; and under the name of "United Pipe Lines," it owns and operates substantially all of them. Step by step it has spread the net-work of its organization over the wells and their machinery, over every method and every highway for the conveyance of their product, from the pipe line of the hills to the tank-steamer of the seas, over all the agencies of distribution, down to the retailer's wagon which supplies the workman's cabin. Its monopoly is the most complete and the most absolute in existence to-day, and its revenues, including those of its many allied and kindred associations, which belong substantially to the same owners, are the largest of all business organizations in the world. Its practical ownership of Legislatures and of executive officers, and even of courts of law, has been suspected in multitudes of cases, and in many has been made morally certain by all the proofs which such facts commonly admit.

One feature of romantic interest in this history is that some of the men who conceived the combination in question, and have carefully developed their conception, improving and broadening it as opportunity was found or made, were young men of moderate ability and limited education, not suspected of superior talents or energy in any direction, and with little practical knowledge of the business they undertook, and yet are now, by virtue of this monopoly which they have organized, princes among the millionaires of the world, with estates already equal to the proudest dukedom of England, and with incomes larger than those of many kings. It is the magnificence of this success which impresses the imagination of him who reads their exploits. The robber knights of Europe took their lives in their hands when they sallied in pursuit of plunder, and their deeds of strength and daring, inspiring the novelist and the poet, divert the thoughts of readers from the outrageous wrongs they perpetrated and the frightful misery they inflicted. In a somewhat similar manner readers of the story of the great monopoly may for a time forget the injustice and oppression, the defiance of law, and the contempt for the rights which the law is designed to protect, which have marked its whole career. They may even for a time be stirred to admiration of the ingenious devices, the persistent and vigorous pursuit of a fixed policy, the unremitting devotion of a number of conspirators to the interests of all, which have overcome the obstacles of law, morality, and public opinion, as well as those of ordinary competition, and secured to a handful of men the enjoyment and profit of one of nature's greatest gifts to mankind, almost as exclusively as if it were their creation. With this in view, it may be said that no more wonderful romance of real life has ever been written than Mr. Lloyd's book.

But as in sober history the suppression of the robber knights is recognized as having been a condition of the preservation of civilized society itself, whose enemies they were, so in the real life of our own great industrial community the men who acquire enormous estates by cunning combinations and conspiracies, without rendering to the world a service proportioned to the reward they grasp, must be regarded as enemies of civilization and of mankind. Their work is essentially plunder. Its whole aim and result are to appropriate to themselves the wealth of others. The methods of monopoly are but the refined and perfected robbery which is adapted to modern life. The railroads, with their discriminations and favoritisms, are more effective means of stripping merchants of their property than were the arms of highwaymen. By the use of this wonderful weapon the members of the great Oil Trust have subdued to their will a large branch of the world's commerce, and have already stored in their own fortunes a vaster spoil than all the robbers of Europe seized in ten centuries.

Mr. Lloyd has contented himself with telling the story of the past. He does not clearly express his views, if he has formed them, of the proper solution of the great problem

* *Wealth against Commonwealth.* By Henry Demarest Lloyd. pp. iv, 563. 8vo, Cloth.

which the story presents; nor does it appear that he has the broad grasp of that problem in all its legal and economical aspects which would commend his views to acceptance. But he makes it clear enough that the commerce and industry, not of this country alone, but of the world, are confronted with a danger in the spirit of monopoly, which is loosely typified in common speech by the word "trusts," such as makes extraordinary demands on scientific statesmanship. The obvious fact is that the enormous profits of such conspiracies give them a power over law-makers, over the administrators and interpreters of law, and even in many cases over the voters at the polls, which makes resistance to them, on the part of their scattered and impoverished victims, hopeless. Nothing in this book is more impressive than the narrative of effort after effort to obtain from the courts of law, from Legislatures, from executive officers, the enforcement of the elementary principles of the common law against agreements in restraint of trade, of the earnest and persistent pursuit of such efforts against a secret power which seemed to be unwearying and irresistible, and of their final failure. All the social progress hitherto made, the sum of human achievement, has been the development of a community in which ability and industry are protected from the violence and fraud which would take away their earnings. The work of ages is undone if violence and petty fraud are replaced by an all-pervading system of monopoly and conspiracy, which reaches, with a thousandfold their efficiency, the ends they sought, and enslaves the labor and enterprise of millions.

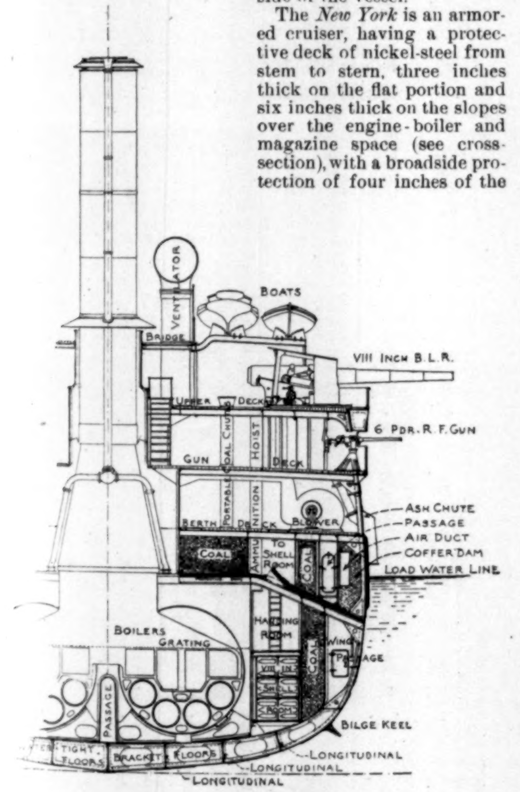
For this system, if Mr. Lloyd's assertion is correct, is already organized in almost every department of manufacturing, mining, building, and transportation. The Oil Trust, the first and most conspicuous success of the kind, has already found hundreds of imitators, and the markets for all classes of metallic and textile wares, building materials, military supplies, chemicals, cars and ships, are controlled, or are in imminent danger of being controlled, by combinations already formed, so rich as to defy and crush the competition of individual enterprise. No doubt he is an alarmist, and he probably exaggerates greatly the progress which such movements have made. Few of them can command such potent allies as the Standard Oil combination found in the great railways; in few of them is transportation so large an element of cost that railway discrimination could assure them rapid and complete success. But the growth of systematic monopoly is the conspicuous sign of the times in the world of industry and commerce. At the other pole of that world, the growing unrest of labor is another sign of troubled days to come. And the statesmanship which shall end monopolies, and re-establish the freedom of industrial competition, and the fair distribution of products for the benefit of the producers, is the supreme want of the community. For this is the only solution of all the threatening social problems before us, including the general restoration of contentment, with prosperity, to the masses of those from whose peaceful labor all wealth must come.

THE "NEW YORK."

THANKS to the courtesy of Secretary Herbert and the gracious aid of Chief-Constructor Hichborn, we are enabled to give on page 976 a realistic representation of the inner life of the largest commissioned craft in the United States navy.

To understand the drawing, the ship is viewed inward from just this side of the centre line, and with the exceptions of the outer skin of the ends and the protective deck, both purposely brought more to the fore, substantially everything else is seen on the port side of the vessel.

The *New York* is an armored cruiser, having a protective deck of nickel-steel from stem to stern, three inches thick on the flat portion and six inches thick on the slopes over the engine-boiler and magazine space (see cross-section), with a broadside protection of four inches of the



CROSS-SECTION OF THE "NEW YORK."

...e material for the height above and the depth below the ...ter-line as shown on cross-section, and for the longitudinal ...tance marked out by the light strip, augmented by an ...h of hull-plating and bulwarks of coal.

The guns are protected by heavy steel turrets and shields, ...ile the conning-tower, its tube below, and all fighting po...ions are armored; and just inside the broadside armor...ke there is a space from bow to stern 42 inches wide on ...h side of the ship marked "coffer-dam," which in war...es will be filled with "cellulose," a highly compressed ...ous material having a great affinity for moisture, and intended to swell and automatically plug shot-holes admitting water.

The space between the outer and inner bottoms is divided into numerous water-tight compartments by the longitudinal and the crosswise bulkheads that pierce this region. This is a precaution against injury in grounding and moderate damage by torpedoes. The entire ship is further honeycombed by lengthwise and transverse water-tight bulkheads, extending principally from the hold to the under side of the gun-deck; all such compartments are under the control of either hand-pumps or powerful steam-suction.

Below the protective deck and the 1300 tons of wisely disposed coal are the six double-ended boilers—like the engines, each in its own water-tight compartment—which, when the fire-rooms are closed for forced draught and the 12 fans are driving a small-sized gale into the 48 furnaces, will generate steam enough to develop the 17,400 indicated horse-power required to turn the two 16-foot screws 134 times a minute, and to push the ship and to displace 9000 tons of water at a rate of 21 knots an hour.

With bared breasts and arms a corps of coal-heavers and firemen will shovel tons and tons of coal into those glaring furnaces, and torment with long slice-bars the furious masses of writhing flames, that the boilers may be goaded to their working pressure of 160 pounds. Deft engineers and assistants will watch the intricate maze of pulsing steam-pipes, the lightning strokes of shining piston-rods and crank-shafts, and keep cool with a frothy emulsion of oil and sea-water the burdened journals and the immense thrust-blocks that bear the push of the driving-engines, and transmit that awful power to the movement of the craft.

Auxiliary engines, both steam and electric, for hundreds of purposes, relieve the tax upon the muscular energy of the 500 men that constitute the crew, while an elaborate system of speaking-tubes, call-bells, telegraph, and electric fire and water alarms connects all parts of the ship.

The *New York* is an imposing possibility that can be realized only when her commanding officer calls his crew to quarters and steps into the conning-tower to fight his ship and to uphold the glorious traditions of a century. Within that little space the master brain-force of the whole craft is concentrated, and branching nerves, in the shape of numerous wires and tubes, are carried to every important point down the spinal column of that armored tube, putting the commanding officer in touch with every station.

No wonder he is shielded so well! Silent and with tense nerves, the gun crews await the signal to hurl ahead or astern 1158 pounds of armor-piercing shell, or to greet an enemy abeam with 1474 pounds of destructiveness, hastening on its errand with a velocity of 2080 feet a second and a combined energy of over 40,000 foot-tons. Perhaps the mere pressure of a tiny button will release from any one of the five torpedo stations 120 pounds of gun-cotton, thrice powerful to tear its way through the stoutest sides; or, worst of all, the huge craft herself may be turned to a mighty missile, and rushed at an enemy with all the weight and force of that moving mass, converting those very compartments of safety in the enemy's vessel into steaming caldrons or death-traps, while the men on her deck may be swept down in the vortex of the sinking ship.

There are no supernumeraries—each man has his appointed place, his single responsibility, and the post at which he must fight or perish. The whole is one intricate maze of mechanism, guided by the steady hand begotten of self-control and undaunted courage, and the fight will be a contest between mind and mind, where *finesse*, thought, and cunning of execution will prevail.

R. G. SKERRETT.

A VOYAGE TO ASIA'S WAR-SCENES.

Special Correspondence from the East.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Canadian Pacific steamship *Empress of Japan* arrived in Yokohama on the morning of September 10th, bringing her notable collection of Japanese and Chinese, and her little handful of a hundred Europeans and Americans. The voyage was delightfully uneventful, and yet it was as different from an Atlantic trip as could well be imagined. So far as the sea and what may be called "the scenery" are concerned, the Pacific Ocean is as monotonous as it is vast. Nothing was sighted from the steamer's decks but the spoutings of a few whales, the circlings of a few gulls, the rapid leap of a single flying-fish, and a very distant view of the two bare topmasts of a schooner that was evidently sealing in the neighborhood of the Aleutian Islands, which lengthen Uncle Sam's dominion to a distance of 3000 miles westward of San Francisco.

The most singular thing about the *Empress's* experience was the sudden and absolute cessation of all interest in the Chino-Japanese war as soon as the ship pulled away from Vancouver. The 350 Chinamen nearly all disappeared from view within the forecastle's depths. The Japanese remained very much in evidence all the while—an amiable, intelligent, active lot of passengers—but they could not be prevailed upon to talk about the war. "What is the use of thinking about it?" they asked. "We shall hear nothing for two weeks, and in the mean time what we have heard is very unreliable. Until we reach Yokohama we will have fun and live like boys." And so they did live—excessively like light-hearted boys. The marvellous tricks they performed with their fingers were only comparable with the astonishing things they did with pieces of twine, and these, in turn, were only exceeded in interest by the deft and ingenious games and tricks they played with matches and with bits of paper. They were forever laughing and wrestling and frolicking—when they were not reading English, French, and German novels. The mysterious "General" who had interested the white men on the Canadian Pacific train from Montreal turned out to be only a marine engineer, and why the other Japanese treated him with special deference could not be ascertained, though it was doubtless due to his being older than any of the others. On the other hand, the tiny little Japanese lady, who alone represented the fair half of Japan, proved to be nothing less than a Daimio's daughter—an aristocrat of profound blueness of blood—a scion of the feudal nobility.

A few of the Chinese coolies made it a daily habit to come out of the cavernous depths of the steamer to look on at the sailors' sports during the dog-watch at dinner-time each evening. "Baiting the bear" was the most exciting of the sailors' games, and the way that the sturdy handsome English sailors belabored the one who played bear (until one of them was caught and made to play bear himself) sent the Mongols into spasms of laughter.

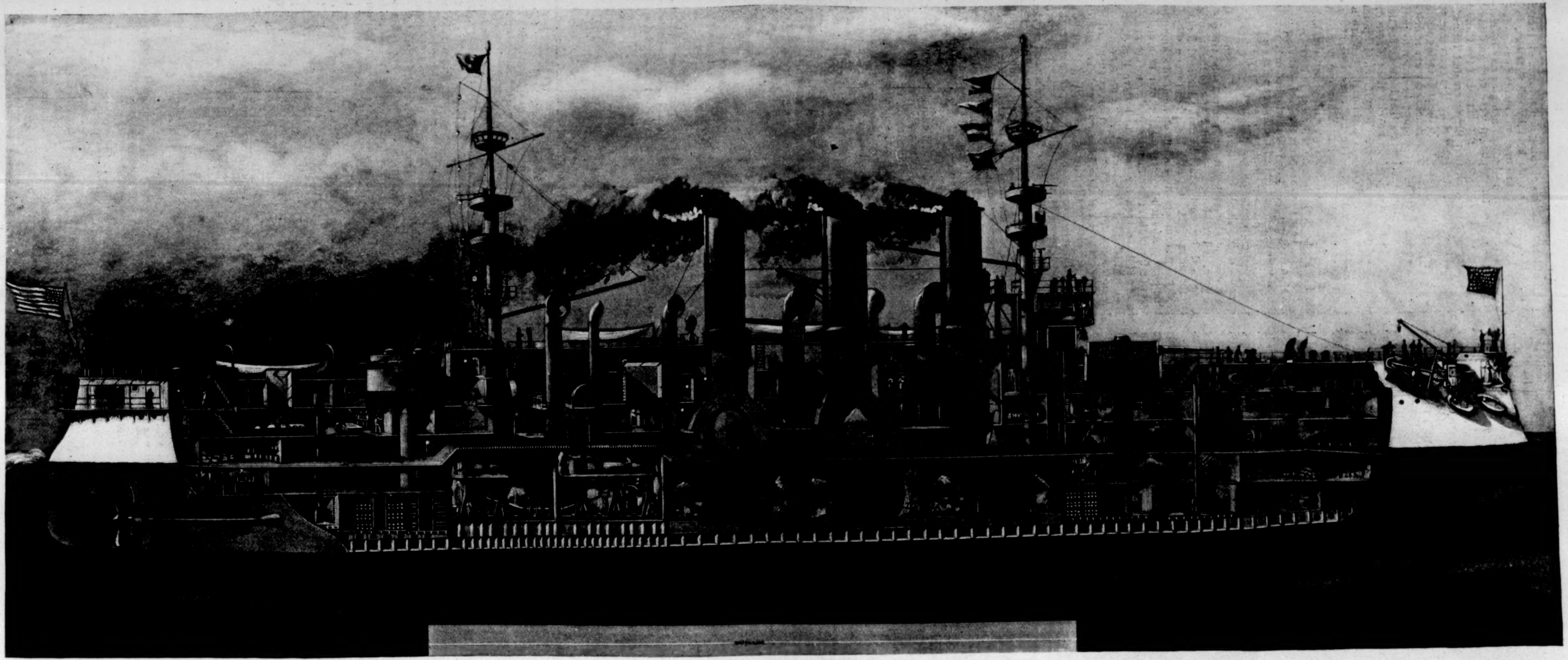
However, they were nothing like as excitable as the Japanese, among whom one man was reported to be unable to afford to witness a wrestling-match at home because of his habit of tearing off his clothing and throwing it into the pit, where his garments were held by the wrestlers, to be redeemed by him afterward upon payment of a large fee. The shouts of this warrior—he was a high army official—over the simple games on shipboard were very amusing to the Europeans on the *Empress*. It was said of the Chinese who did not appear on deck that they were but following the custom of their kind. On some ships that carry thousands of them they coop themselves up in the suffocating atmosphere of 'tween decks until it is sometimes necessary to drive them on deck at the point of a hose-pipe in order to purify the atmosphere, or rather the breezes that blow across the other quarters of each vessel. One novelty the Chinese did furnish to the other passengers. They smoked opium on a mat-covered upper berth, in plain sight beneath a glass hatchway on the poop. The first-class passengers often went forward to watch them. When one was seen deep under the influence of the drug, with glassy, deathlike eyes fixed in his head, the ladies drew away in horror.

But in all important respects the Pacific voyage was very novel to the most jaded travellers who had only voyaged on the Atlantic. No sooner had the *Empress* drawn away from Vancouver than the main-deck grew lively and strangely picturesque with the flitting figures of the Chinese table-boys in their priestlike robes of white. Each boy wore a long, white, well-starched linen or cotton robe, frogged down the side, and reaching below his knees to the strange loose trousers that were bandaged around his ankles above his cumbrous sandals. On each boy's head was a round, stiff, glossy cap surmounted by a button made of a knot of red or blue cord. As each boy was a full-grown man, and as each was of a far higher caste than the coolies we see in America, it would have been far easier to believe that these were Buddhist temple folk than that they were servants. When the ship was a few days from shore every surpliced servitor among them all put on a blue robe, and seemed to lose a little of dignity by the change, as if all of them had been degraded one degree in rank. They spoke pidgeon-English with the passengers, who found it necessary to learn that extraordinary language in order to obtain good service. A tumbler became "one piecee glass." Church of England service on Sunday mornings became "chin-chin Joss pidgeon." The dishes at each meal were ordered solely by the numbers put opposite the dishes on the *menu* cards, so that if any of us wanted roast-beef, green pease, and cauliflower, he would be apt to call out, "Boy, go catchee me 1, 7, and 9 chop-chop"—the last expression being pidgeon-English for "quick as possible," or "in a hurry."

As it was an English ship and a long voyage, a great programme of athletic sports was early arranged. Flat races, sack races, half-mile running races, egg and spoon and thread-needle races, cricket, and some queer Japanese contests made up the bulk of the two days' programme. On all the other days the broad clear upper deck presented a lively scene of men and women playing at grace-hoops, bean-bags, shuffleboard, and bull-board. Cricket also engaged the young men on several days, while in the grand saloon there was endless music, led at times by Lady Churchill, who is, for an amateur, an excellent pianist. On one night all the notable passengers except Consul-General Hillier, of Korea, and Frederick Villiers, the war-artist, combined to produce a varied entertainment, preceding which Lady Churchill distributed the prizes for the winners of the athletic sports. It is customary to buy these trophies of the barber, who keeps a store aboard ship, but he had been stripped of the best of his wares, and the prizes therefore took the form of money. Lord Randolph Churchill has not thus far been improved by his travels. His evident very serious illness won for him and for his beautiful and vigorous wife the hearty sympathy of all who were thrown in contact with them. It is Lord Randolph's plan to rest in the cool of the mountains in Japan for a few weeks, and then to go on to India and Burmah—countries with which he had much to do when he was one of the leading statesmen in England. He arranged the making of the new Indian frontier, and, if he lives to reach there, will visit that border-land with an accompaniment of Indian troops. From southern Asia, if his plans are kept, he will continue on around the world to England.

During church service on Sunday, September 9th, the worshippers had but to raise their eyes from their prayer-books in order to see the bald green headlands of Japan four miles away. All day long the shore was in sight, and at night it made its near presence known by the flashing of the light-house lamps. Anxiety to know the latest news of the war kindled in every breast, and became so intense that by the next morning, when the steamer rode into Yokohama Harbor, every passenger, no matter what his or her nationality, waited with no vestige of anything like patience for the coming of the news. Had we found the harbor as full of war-ships as it is said to be of torpedoes, no one would have been surprised. Had it been learned that Yokohama was sacked and burned, or had we come upon the actual bombardment of the place, the facts would not have seemed more than the active minds aboard ship had already anticipated. But there was nothing but calm water, blue sky, and settled peace in every view. Two war-ships lay idly near the city, and a fort that seemed deserted frowned upon the channel. A rickety health-office boat, with its engines housed under a dirty tent, came out to meet the *Empress*, and the ship's doctor told the Japanese that all on board were well. The Japanese uttered no word of news. Soon the sampans and hotel launches clustered like flies around the ship, and men of many sorts—naval, military, and commercial—swarmed upon the deck. Not one had any news. "There is no news," they said. "You will hear the news in New York and London long before we will have it here."

Hours have passed since then. The *Empress's* passengers have been ashore for a large part of the day, but all the news they get is that news is contraband. The newspapers get no news. They would not dare to publish it if they had it. The government will not permit any material facts about the war to be published. It is understood that all of Japan's soldiery and navy is now in and before Korea. "But if there has been a great battle," say all the people, "it must have gone badly for the Japanese, since we are not allowed to know a word about it." There is news that war-correspondents from Europe and America are thick as fleas in Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, but it is said that they are practically stalled by the prohibitive regulations of both the Chinese and Japanese armies. The only way open to Korea is by foreign war-ships. Whoever can get there by such means is free to go, but after he is there no one may approach the seat of war, and thus far, it is said, no war-correspondent has been accredited to either army in the field.



Comparative size of heavy armor belt.

LENGTHWISE SECTION OF THE "NEW YORK."

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS.

380 feet 6½ inches length on water-line.
64 feet 10 inches extreme beam.
23 feet 10¾ inches trial draught.

8480 tons displacement on trial.
17,401 indicated horse-power on trial.
21 knots speed per hour on trial.

BATTERIES.

Main. { Six 8-inch breech-loading rifles. Twelve 4-inch rapid-fire rifles.

Secondary. { Eight 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. Four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns. Four Gatling guns.

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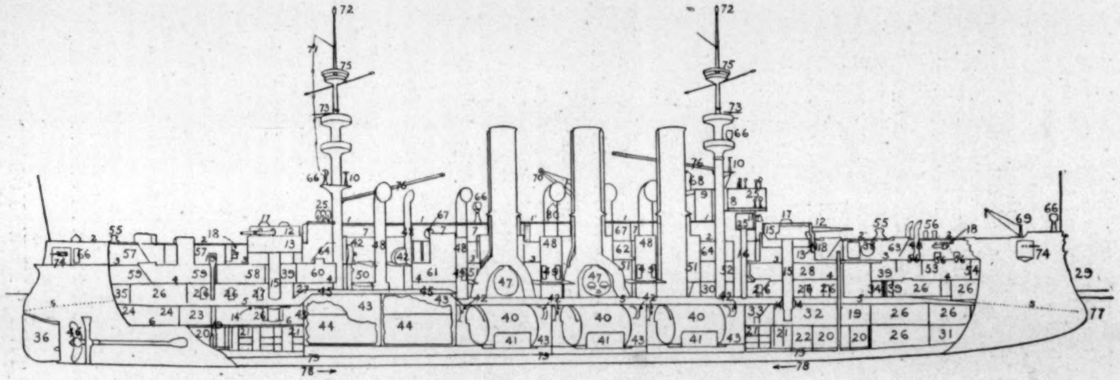


KEY TO VARIOUS SECTIONS AND COMPARTMENTS.

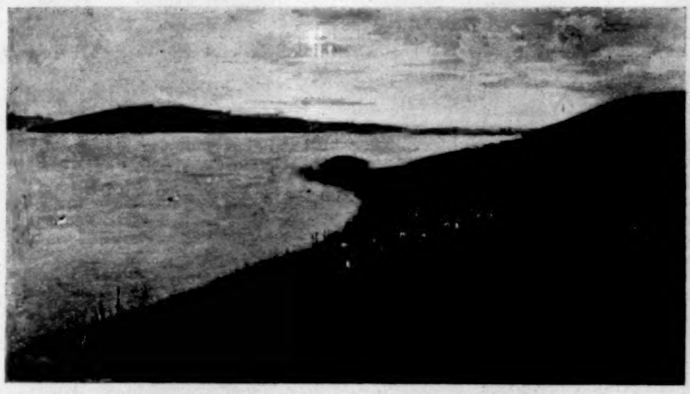
A MODERN ARMORED CRUISER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.—[See Page 975.]

FIRST HAY-STACK ON ENGINEER FARM.

WEST LATERAL OF IRRIGATING CANAL.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, TOPOLOBAMPO.

THE ENGINEER FARM SCHOOL-HOUSE—THE COOLEST HOUSE MADE.



PIER AND STOREHOUSE, TOPOLOBAMPO.

HOME OF THE HOGELANDS, LA LOGIA, SINALOA, MEXICO.

AN AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENT IN MEXICO.

PACIFIC CITY, ON TOPOLOBAMPO BAY.

AN AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENT IN MEXICO.

On the east side of the Gulf of California, on the coast-line of the state of Sinaloa, in the republic of Mexico, is a little indentation in the shore called Topolobampo Bay. About twenty years ago A. K. Owen, a co-operative enthusiast, viewed this bay from the top of a neighboring mountain, and resolved that on its shores should be built a co-operative city, as a living example of the possibility of a co-operative municipality. It was many years before a start was made on the work, but in the year 1885 concessions of land and other privileges were secured from the Mexican government, and work was actually commenced on the site of the village or settlement now known as "Pacific City."

Topolobampo Bay is between thirty and forty miles long, and the width varies from four to eight miles. Of the fifty-four square miles of this bay that are navigable, about thirteen square miles have a depth of thirty feet. The depth of water on the bar at the mouth of the bay at low tide is twenty feet. In brief, Topolobampo Bay presents all the requirements of a first-class deep-water harbor. The country about this harbor is a *terra incognita* to all except a very few even yet, but on its shores a handful of enthusiasts are trying to carry out the most advanced ideas of co-operative life as outlined in Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*.

The site chosen by this colony is an ideal one. It is located in latitude 28°32′ north. The climate is almost perfect, the breeze from the Pacific Ocean modifying the heat in summer, and to the east lies the snow-capped Sierra Madre range of mountains. The conditions are the same that prevail in the orange belt of southern California, with the added factor of a more tropical climate. Everything from grain to bananas can be grown successfully. The country is rich in natural resources, such as timber, minerals, and plenty of water, and the sea teems with edible fish. It will be no fault of natural conditions if this enterprise fails.

The purposes of the colony are strictly co-operative. It is intended to do away with dependence upon the outside world as fast as possible, and to become a separate community in every sense of the word. The motto of the colony is that "all wealth created shall go to enrich the community instead of the individual." The colony in principle is co-operative as to its members and competitive as to the outside world. The members are to purchase supplies at cost, the profit obtained from outsiders going to build up the colony. They have a money of their own, known as "credits," which passes current in the community for labor and such materials as are produced in the settlement.

The colony was organized in Colorado, and Mexico was selected as being the most favorable site. The Mexican government is encouraging all schemes of immigration, and valuable concessions of land and water rights were obtained. "Pacific City" was laid out on the most approved plan, a custom-house was built for the Mexican government, and a big ditch was started out of the Fuerte River (which empties into Topolobampo Bay) for irrigation purposes. All this was done by a score or more of men, but the plan of the colony became known, and a steady increase in the population has been going on for the past two years, so that nearly five hundred people now answer to the roll-call. No one as yet can join without some means. There are no temptations for the criminal or shiftless class, so the *personnel* of the colony is far above that of the average community. The hardships of those who have gone there have been severe, notwithstanding the climate. It has been all work under adverse circumstances, lack of communication with the outside world being one of the most serious.

The city as surveyed covers twenty-nine square miles. The irrigation ditch is twenty-seven miles long, and will irrigate 100,000 acres. At present the colony has under irrigation 360 acres. The crop last year was valued at $11,000. They now have $10,000 worth of farm animals and implements, and an orchard of about 1000 fruit trees. Three hundred banana plants will bear this year.

The present status of this colony is the nearest to the ideal co-operative community that has ever been reached in the numerous experiments tried. There have been and are dissensions in the ranks; one faction is struggling against the other for control. Whether these jealousies will result in breaking up this colony is yet a matter for conjecture. Human nature is the same at Topolobampo as elsewhere, and personal ambition seems to be at the bottom of what trouble exists. The enthusiastic colonists are inclined to make light of the dissensions, and claim they are but incidents of a great and successful movement toward a higher form of civil life.

A railroad is projected to connect Topolobampo Bay with the American system of railways, and the plans and profiles of the first part have been filed with and accepted by the Mexican government, and the only available pass through the Sierra Madre range has been located. Topolobampo Bay occupies an important geographical position commercially, and it is claimed that it is in the direct line of the bulk of all foreign trade as soon as the railroad is built from the harbor to the American system.

It is proposed to build this road by co-operative labor if enough colonists offer to do the work, otherwise it will be built in the usual way by bond issues. By concessions from the Mexican government, on condition of building a railroad and surveying a zone of sixty kilometres (37.20 miles) on each side of the track, the colony will obtain a free gift of one-third of the same, with the option of buying a second one-third. For each 1000 hectares (2470 acres) so taken the colony must settle one family, and there are to be settled on the colony lands two thousand families by February 28, 1897.

Notices of this colony have appeared in the press from time to time, and when the hard times of the past year commenced, hundreds of people wrote to the colony to obtain further information. As it takes money to get there and money to stay there, many were disappointed in the answers received, as from the character of the letters it was evidently hoped by the correspondents that there they would find a refuge from poverty and business depression.

The experiment, as it can only be called such, is being watched with interest by a people grown thoughtful during a period of business depression, many of whom are eagerly looking for some system that promises freedom from the nightmares of modern industrial and social conditions.

James D. Whelpley.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

The death in Chicago, on the 2d instant, of Professor David Swing recalls with much vividness the great heresy trial which twenty years ago vexed the world of ecclesiastic Presbyterianism as much as the trial of Professor Briggs has recently done. But Professor Swing was acquitted of the charge, which was pressed against him by Dr. Patton, the present President of Princeton College. Professor Swing was a native of Ohio, and was a graduate from the Miami

University, for which he prepared himself while earning his own living. He became an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar, and for thirteen years filled the chair of languages at Miami University. He had meanwhile studied theology, and had been ordained. While still teaching, by his occasional occupancy of the pulpit he gained considerable fame as a preacher, and in 1866 he was called to the pastorate of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago. He was then thirty-six years old, and it was not long before he had attracted attention to himself as a man of eloquence and learning. During the great fire his church was destroyed, together with the houses of five hundred of his church members. But the church was quickly rebuilt. While preaching in the new edifice the charge of heresy was brought, and after his acquittal the Central Church was established. The services have been held of recent years in the Central Music Hall, which is owned by his congregation.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DEVONSHIRE IDYL.

THE old-fashioned yellow coach, top-heavy with pyramidal luggage, rattled along the Devonshire coast, striking its apex against overarching boughs, and Matthew Strang sat on the box-seat, forgetting London in the prospect of Eleanor Wyndwood and in the view of white and red houses scattered like wild flowers about a steep green hill overhanging the curve of a lovely bay.

For Rosina had continued obdurate and invisible; she had sent up breakfast from the kitchen without appearing, and with an irritating air of cooking for a gentleman boarder; and he, fretful and anguished after a wretched wakeful night, had fled, snarling even at Billy, who would have staid him further. The remembrance of her cantankerousness and of his own ill-humor had accompanied him all the way to Devonshire; but the sight of the sea—rolling vast and green and sun-dimpled—the wrinkled, unaging sea had calmed him. His burdens fell from him. The last vapors of London, the torpid miasma of the packed streets, the cabbage odors of Camden Town, were blown afar; he drew deep breaths of the delicious air.

How lucky it was Rosina had shied at the suggestion he had thrown out on the reckless impulse of a desperate moment! How could they possibly live together any more? To draw the same atmosphere with her was stifling, and at the thought his deep inspirations took on a new voluptuousness of freedom regained. Decidedly he had not counted the cost when the quixotic proposal sprang to his lips. For that atmosphere meant death to his soul—nothing less; death to all his new stirrings and yearnings—asphyxiation to his Art. Ah! the good salt air, let it blow on his free forehead, let it play among his early graying locks! Let it whisper of all the brave dreams of youth till the nimble blood tingles and the eyes are wet with tears. Let him feel the freshness of morning, though the sun is hastening westward and the best of the day is spent! The coachman blows his horn! and the hills are filled with the echoes of romance. Away with the clogging mists and the moral fogs of the town, away with the moody vision of a narrow-souled virago in a gray house in a drab labyrinth! and ho! for the enchanted cliffs and waters where loveliness broods like light over earth and sea, and a spirit that is half a woman and half the soul of all beauty waits with swelling bosom and kindling eyes! Oh, the bonny horses, the spanking quartet, how they sweep round the curves and dash down the dales, and how gallantly the ruddy-faced driver holds them in the hollow of his hand! What delightful villages, primitive as the rough stone of which they are built! what quaint old hostels and archaic streets steeped in the mingled scent of the sea and the moors! Here be old-world orchards, here be cozy cottages and sweet homely gardens, gay with nasturtiums and hollyhocks and scarlet-runners, with roses and pansies!

Ta-ra! Ta-ra-ra-ra! Ta-ra! The driver airily salutes the afternoon. Over the ferny walls of the Devonshire lanes the outside passengers behold the red crags perching picturesquely on the sea-front like petrified monsters of an earlier era, and the trail of redder gold quivering across the great water; the wind rises and flecks the shimmering green as with a flock of skimming sea-birds. Oh, the beauty of the good round earth, the beauty forgotten and blotted out in the reeking back streets of great cities! Oh gracious privilege of the artist to seize a moment of the flowing loveliness of all things; to pass it through the alembic of his soul and give it back transfigured and immortal!

"To feel Beauty growing under one's hands." The words were Eleanor's: they chimed celestially in his ears, not as words, but as *her* words, stored up as in a phonograph with every dainty intonation, but with their music sweetened rather than deadened. All she had ever said to him he could recall as from a box of heavenly airs. Every syllable had the golden cadence of poesie. To love her was to be young again, fit for every high emprise, sensitive to every tremor of fantasy and romance.

"Stiff collar-work, that, sir!"

The driver's tongue was chattering tirelessly—of his horses which were more sensible than men, wouldn't touch a drop more than was good for them, of his life on the box from boyhood, his easy-going content, his pioneer daughter, the first in those parts to wear spectacles; his pleasure in seeing gentlefolk come down to circulate the money, his scorn of chapel-goers; but Matthew Strang's private phonograph was performing with equal indefatigability, and his spirit leaped incessantly from one to the other, touched to a large geniality for horn-blowing humanity.

The sun was sinking royally in the sea, like a Viking in his burning vessel, when the coach obligingly drew up with a flourish of the horn and a scattering of chickens and a barking of dogs at the farm where Herbert had his headquarters. He was disappointed not to find Herbert there to receive him, as he had telegraphed his advent, but just as he was comfortably installed and was beginning to wonder whether he should start dining alone, that ever-young gentleman galloped up, flushed with health and sun and exercise, and leaping from his horse, gave Matthew such hearty greeting that the painter had a grateful sense of being welcomed to an ancient seigniorial home by a bluff and hospitable squire.

"I've been working at the portrait," Herbert explained, ascending to his room with his hand affectionately on the shoulder of Matthew, who was thus forced to remount the stairs. "Of course I keep my painting kit at their place. And a jolly old place it is, with the sea cleaning the doorsteps, or pretty nearly. They're beastly comfortable, with their London servants and carriages; and they've a motherly old person who seems a combination of cook and chaperon, and turns out delicious dishes; and they've taken on a native girl to help them, a sweet simple creature with cheeks like strawberries and cream. Do you remember the lady who said strawberries and cream needed only to be forbidden to be an ecstasy? These *are* forbidden. Oh, don't look glum; I haven't indulged. Forbidden fruit is out of season. I'm tired of it. It's generally canned. And I have had too much of the foreign brands. Ugh! I can see the litter of broken tins. I'm developing a healthy taste for the fresh-growing article without any prohibitive tariff."

Matthew turned to grasp his friend's hand silently, as though sealing some compact. He felt it was Eleanor whose magnetism had uplifted Herbert to that reverence for womanhood he himself had always felt. It was impossible to live under her spell and remain coarse. And, paradoxically enough, he was glad Herbert was living on a high plane. It strengthened him in his own purely spiritual devotion to the beautiful friend of his soul. How stupid to have hesitated; how commonplace and ignoble to have gone to see Rosina for fear of Eleanor's influence upon him! Like the old Roman, he had lost a day. And he had uselessly harrowed his soul to boot.

And yet, perhaps, not altogether uselessly. The visit had laid the ghost of remorse; the full daylight had been turned upon the situation; he had seen beyond reach of further doubt that he was not to blame for it; that he was the victim of the blind tragedy of circumstance. True, the full daylight had also revealed that Rosina was taking the situation far more tragically than he had ever allowed himself to suspect; it was pitiful, but it could not be helped. His own mother had fared far worse; her living death had taught him resentful resignation to the workings of fate. No, Rosina must be put on one side. He had lost happiness; his Art must at least be saved.

Waiting for Herbert to change his clothes, he looked out of the ivy-wreathed, diamond-paned casement, and saw a lonely white wraith of a moon glimmering in the great spaces over the great lonely deep, and heard the moan of the waves under the wind's lash, and watched the sunset dying in pale greens and pinks and saffrons; and so, in an exalted mood, went down to dinner.

It was getting towards nine o'clock when the cousins lit their cigars and strolled along the cliffs, their feet taking them westward, where phosphorescent streaks of light green lingered in the sky, sending out thinner lambent shoots to join the eastern gray.

"I'll show you the house; it's not more than a mile," Herbert volunteered.

"We can't call to-night," said Matthew.

"What! Not with a madcap like Olive? You don't mind my calling her Olive, do you, old man?"

"No," laughed Matthew.

"Well, then, if I may call her Olive, why mayn't I call on her in the evening? But that's an argument rather in Olive's vein, though it appears to puzzle you—ha, ha, ha! But you mustn't bring your London etiquette down here with you, my boy," he went on, in a harangue tempered by puffs; "you'd better send it back by the carrier to-morrow if you packed it in your luggage by mistake. We're in another world and in an earlier century. What a superficial view to think contemporaries live in the same century! These people—as yet unsophisticated by the tourist—are living in the seventeenth century A.D. at the latest; they'd burn Olive for a witch if they knew her as I do, the droll elf, with her masculine brain and her tricky femininity. I think I've lived in every place and time under the sun. I've been with fourteenth-century brigands and sixth-century monks. And in Jerusalem with the Jews I was back in the B.C. ages. I really think all the centuries live side by side. There must have been A.D. people in the B.C. times, just as there are B.C. people living in A.D. times. Fancy thinking these bucolics an evolutionary advance on Pericles and Horace! Evolution must move like those waves down below, sending scouts out here and there far in advance of the general march of the waters, wherever there's a hollow curve in the coast. I'm a twenty-fifth-century man myself, which makes the nineteenth call me godless and immoral. But what were we talking about?"

"Goodness knows. Oh, I know—"

"I'm aware you are goodness incarnate," interpolated Herbert.

"I was saying we couldn't call on Mrs. Wyndwood to-night."

"Ah, but why shouldn't Mrs. Wyndwood want a stroll after dinner as much as we? I told her of your wire. What more natural than that they should stroll eastward?" And Herbert smiled mysteriously, as one with experience. "I told you we made our own etiquette—laws are for the benefit of the community. *We* are the community, we four; the only civilized beings in a loutish world. We began as a triumvirate, but your coming has changed the form of government. You are the fourth party. We are now—what shall I say?—a constitutional quartet."

As Herbert rattled on, Matthew felt more and more the fascination of his gay cousin, whose white teeth flashed as facetiously as in the days of yore, and whose lissom figure was a continuous pleasure to the artistic eye. Gratitude mingled with his admiration; but for Herbert's ingenuity he would never have been a citizen of the earthly paradise that was opening before him. The smoke of his cigar rose like incense on the solemn air, upon which the sound of the wind and the sea broke like a hush. Underfoot were gorse and bracken and ferns mixed with sparse sprouts of grass; overhead a rich yellow half-moon partly hidden by scowling clouds, but throwing a band of pale gold, that changed with the deepening dusk to rippling silver, across the sombre bay, in whose distant cliffs the lights of vague scattered villages twinkled mysteriously, suggesting romantic windows of illumined hollowed chambers in the steep rock. And presently white figures were seen advancing slowly to meet them, pausing each instant as if to drink in the beauty of the night.

"Ah, there they are!" cried Herbert.

"No; there are three of them!" said Matthew, in disappointed tones.

"That's the maid carrying a reserve of wraps, you duffer! Don't throw away your cigar. There's Olive herself with a cigarette, if my eyes do not deceive me."

But Matthew Strang's cigar went out before the two parties—sauntering more slowly than before they had become conscious of each other—were startled to find themselves face to face. His heart was beating furiously as if he were really startled by the apparition of a queenly figure and a lovely flushed face on the background of the night. A smile danced in the eyes and parted the red lips with an expression of more eager welcome than had ever been accorded him in town; and there was a more intimate pressure in the clasp of the warm hand, subtly heralding a new phase in their friendship, in this disappearance of the conventional stage properties of the fashionable human scene, in this isolation amid the primitivenesses of nature, and of a humanity simpler than their own; while Miss Regan's cigarette and her frank laugh and hand-shake indicated less subtly but no less pleasantly the commencement of a semi-bohemian artistic period which loomed more agreeably to Matthew than any of the periods Herbert had boasted of living in.

"Welcome to the Creamery," said Olive, "or rather to the Ice-Creamery, as we've had to call it lately."

"Then why don't you put on your wraps?" said Matthew, anxiously.

"Oh, it's comparatively tropical to-night, and we had to give Primitiva a pretext for accompanying us. This is Primitiva (*née* Rose) the ex-post." The pretty lass made a courtesy. "She was the post, you know, when we first came. She used to bring letters from the post-office which is near you, and our first acquaintance with the post was to find it in tears because it had lost a letter. She had dropped it *en route*."

"Was it an important letter?" asked Matthew.

"That is very nearly a bull, Mr. Strang," replied Olive. "However, as the letter was picked up by a coast-guard, I am able to tell you it wasn't of the slightest importance—merely a request from Mr. Lavender to be allowed to dedicate his next book of poems to Nor. Still, it might have been important—it might have contained a P.O.M."

"Do you mean a poem or a post-office order?" asked Mrs. Wyndwood, turning a laughing face towards Matthew's, over which a cloud had come like that now entirely over the moon.

"Neither," said Olive, gravely. "A P.O.M., a proposal of marriage. But wasn't it odd to see the post crying? I fell in love with her at once. I saw that such a quaint creature would do more good to me than to her Majesty's service, and so, hey presto! she was whisked from the post-office and changed into a tire-woman."

"And, oh, what a refreshing contrast from the London servant!" added Mrs. Wyndwood. "Primitiva is really a servant, not a critic on the hearth."

"Yes," said Olive; "she believes that all London ladies smoke, and considers Nor eccentric for not indulging. And whatever I tell her is gospel—she thinks I'm like George Washington—invariably truthful."

"Then she thinks you eccentric too," said Herbert, smiling back.

Olive's eyes danced, her lips quivered, trying to keep back the smile of response. "Save your cynicism for town, sir," she said. "Primitiva doesn't think anything of the kind. The world is not a whited sepulchre to her. It is lucky I removed her from the sphere of your blighting influence."

"Yes," grumbled Herbert. "She's our farmer's daughter, Matt. And she might have hovered about our dinner table!"

"I couldn't leave Marguerite in the way of Faust," said Olive, plumply.

Matthew Strang winced; Miss Regan's plain-speaking grated upon him, and he saw that Mrs. Wyndwood had lowered her eyes in like annoyance and had commenced to walk homewards. And he resented this preoccupation with Primitiva; he feared she was going to play the part of the dog Roy. Herbert hummed an operatic bar or two and broke off, laughing: "I wish I had Faust's voice. A lovely tenor voice was apparently among the profits of his bargain with the devil."

Miss Regan laughed merrily. "Are you going back, Nor?" she called out.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wyndwood. "We must say good-night."

"Oh, we must see you home," protested Matthew, as he moved to her side.

"There's really no need," she returned. "We sha'n't meet anybody."

"But it's so dark," said Matthew. For the moon still dallied behind its cloud-rack, and threw only a faint wavering circle of light on the weird water, though the stars were now clear enough.

"Then this is the way!" cried Olive, bounding forwards, to Herbert's disgust. "Run straight home, Primitiva." And waving her cigarette tip in the darkness, she disappeared in the earth like a red witch.

Herbert dashed after her down the cliff descent. The exhilaration of their spirits caught Eleanor. She was swallowed down abruptly. Matthew followed more cautiously, wondering. And then began a mad, unforgettable, breakneck, joyous scramble in the darkness down the steepest and craggiest of roughly worn paths, diversified by great sheer gaps without foothold for a goat, down which they had to drop. At first Matthew tried to steady and help himself by clutching at the vegetation and bushes through which the path broke, but it was all blackberry bushes and prickly gorse, and his involuntary interjections were answered by peals of mocking laughter from the invisible pioneer below.

"How do you like seeing us home?" she called up.

But Matthew was rapt far beyond the sting of taunts and blackberry bushes. Mrs. Wyndwood was only a few inches ahead of him; every moment she turned to cheer him on, and her face was close to his, and the divine darkness was filled with light and perfume. Twice or thrice in this topsy-turvy harum-scarum descent she gave him a helping hand, as one familiar with the ground, and he took it with no sense of unmanliness. "Be careful here," she said once, "or the brambles will scratch your face," and she looked up adorably from her insecure perch below, holding the prickly net-work apart with her upper arm as he slid cautiously towards her, blissfully conscious that this sharing of common, if petty, peril was bringing them together beyond the reach of ceremonial coldness for evermore. Sometimes the gray sea showed below through the interstices on the left, and its dull boom mingled with the gentle swish of the wind and the gurgle of a little waterfall. The last twenty feet were the worst, and they were aggravated by the banter of the couple safely below. Herbert had never caught up Olive, who had skeltered down like a wild-cat, leaving a trail of gay ejaculations, but Mrs. Wyndwood herself had to be helped in the precipitous windings of the base with its tiny niches of crumbling chalk at long intervals, and now in sweet revenge Matthew held her hand to steady her from above, while below Herbert waited with open arms for her final jump. An odd recollection of his climbing down the steeple in Economy flashed through his brain as he himself half slipped, half leaped to the ground, hot and red and breathless; and gratitude for the miraculous metamorphosis in his fortunes added to the tenderness of his mood. How good it was to be alive—there in the brave night—moneyed and famous and still young, glowing with physical well-being—amid a joyous human company, with a delightful male friend and cousin, and two brilliant and beautiful ladies, both members of that fashionable world which had once filled him with envious bitterness, and one

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of them a woman whose presence made everything magical. Rosina was very shadowy now. They seemed in a great closed circle, walled by cliffs, with a roof fretted by stars. Two glooming pools made dark patches in the lighter soil, and they heard the stir of fish.

"A deserted stone quarry," Olive explained.

"There are perch in the pools," said Herbert.

"We live outside," added Mrs. Wyndwood.

"It's nearer over the cliff and more lady-like," said Olive.

"It was hardly fair to Mr. Matthew Strang, though," Eleanor remarked, smiling. "We've all learnt the way in the daylight. When you see it in the morning, Mr. Strang, you'll find it sometimes within a few inches of the sheer precipice, and if you had caught hold of the bushes to stay your fall, you would have dropped them like a hornet's nest. We ought to have warned him—in the dark, too."

"If we had warned him he would have fallen," laughed Olive, gayly. "Anybody could walk a four-inch plank over a precipice if they thought it was on the ground. Ignorance is salvation. But you will have to come in, Strangs, and brush yourselves before you go. What a nuisance your both having the same name! When I insult Mr. Herbert I shall excite the animosity of Matthew, and *vice versa*. I really think, Nor, we shall have to call them by their Christian names."

"Only when they're together," said Mrs. Wyndwood, smiling.

"We must always stick together, Matt," cried Herbert, with jocose enthusiasm. "Your hand, Matt."

"We might call one the painter," began Mrs. Wyndwood, "and the other—"

"No, that's ungrateful," Olive remonstrated, "after the beautiful success Mr. Herbert has made of you."

"I meant Mr. Herbert," replied Eleanor, roguishly, and for once Olive had no retort ready.

"No, even taking the portrait into account, Matt's the painter," said Herbert, placing his hand lovingly on the shoulder of his friend, who thrilled with a sense of his cousin's large-heartedness. "Call me the playwright."

"You are both painters," Miss Regan persisted. "But the problem is solved—one is Mr. Herbert and the other Mr. Matthew." She took Eleanor's arm and led the way to the house.

"Since when are you a playwright, Mr. Herbert?" asked Matthew, as they fell a little to the rear.

"None of *your* sarcasm, you beggar. I've always been a playwright. Don't you remember my doing a burlesque for the Academy students? I'm writing a comedy in the evenings; the lessee of the St. James is a friend of mine. I must make some money now; there's that hundred pounds I owe you; and I know I'm not going to make it by painting."

"But surely you will let me know if you want anything," said Matt, with genuine concern, for there seemed something immoral in the idea of Herbert feeling the pinch of need, to say nothing of the shock at finding that his cousin had run through all that money. Herbert had indeed several times hinted at his impecuniosity, but Matthew had never taken him seriously.

Herbert shook his head. "I know you're a brick, old chap, but a hundred pounds is as much as I care to owe any one man."

"But you don't consider me *any* one man."

"Ah, it's awfully good of you to remember that I did as much for you, comparatively speaking, in your tenpenny times, but still it isn't quite agreeable to find one's bread on the waters after many days. I never did like soaked bread, even in milk. The most I could do would be to let you settle up every week with Primitiva's father. But it's really halves, mind you, and when my comedy is produced you'll have to reckon with me. They like what I've written—the women; they think it'll make a hit. I read them the night's work after lunch the next day. Of course I always lunch with them after the morning's sitting. Ah, here we are!"

They had emerged from the quarry and debouched upon the moaning sea-front. A lawn ran out to meet the pebbly beach, from which it was separated by a low stone hedge; the ancient slate-roofed house stood out radiantly cheerful against the dusky background of the night and the cliffs. Primitiva was at the door looking out anxiously, and a man-servant shared her anxiety, or at least her vigil.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Matthew.

"Yes. Weren't we lucky?" said Mrs. Wyndwood. "It's an ancient family residence. The owner kept it empty for thirty years, and has never consented to let it before."

The ladies took off their things, while the men brushed themselves in the hall, where, divided by a heavily carved barometer, a pair of faded oil-paintings hung—a gentleman in a wig and a lady in a coif. These reminded Miss Regan that Matthew must see how splendidly Herbert's portrait of Mrs. Wyndwood had turned out, after all.

"The rogue!" she cried. "As soon as he thought the sittings were to cease, the picture picked up wonderfully. And now he's dilly-dallying with it again."

So they wandered through the large rambling house, with its old-fashioned belongings, till they reached the room which Herbert had been allowed to use as a studio.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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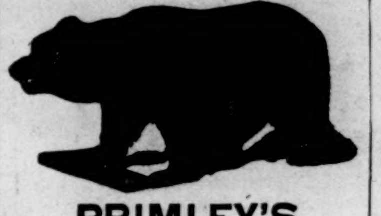

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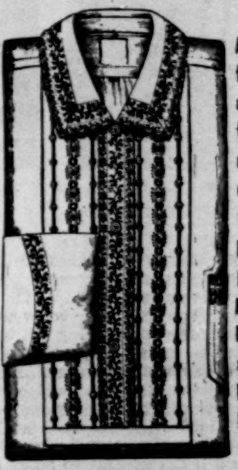

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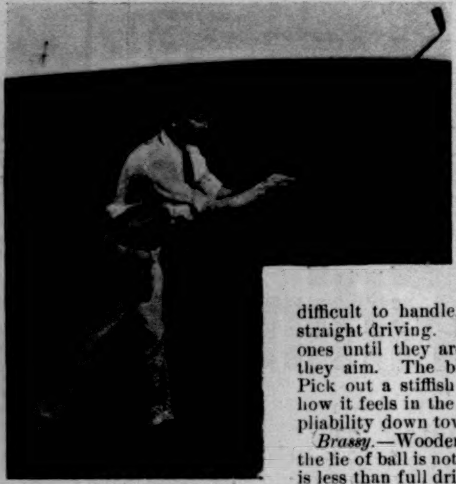
HOLDING CLUB—CORRECT POSITION.

FIRST LESSONS IN GOLF.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

PROBABLY there is no game, unless it be court-tennis, that requires so complete a mastery of first principles and such faithful practice in its rudimentary strokes as golf. The elementary instruction of every game is of course most important, and its thorough adaptation by the pupil necessary

FRONT VIEW—BEGINNING OF THREE-QUARTER SWING.



FRONT VIEW—ENDING OF THREE-QUARTER SWING.

to the development of highest skill. In golf, however, as well as in tennis, one may never acquire consistent form if he has not started off properly. He may ride a bicycle, play lawn-tennis, baseball, box, and even fence in a duffer sort of way, yet make a fair showing and have good sport, but he cannot play golf until he has mastered the very first strokes. Herein lies the fascination of the game, which, while appearing so simple to the on-looker, becomes most difficult when he takes a club and makes his first attempt at driving off the tee.

It is not that there are so many intricate rules in golf, but the few must be mastered thoroughly, and it is well for the beginner to remember that one of England's champions declares it takes six months, playing three times a week, before one may be said to have acquired consistent form.

First of all let me say that no single chapter can give all the instruction necessary to cover the different strokes and situations arising in golf. This paper is intended solely for beginners, to whom I shall hope to give a few suggestions founded on sorrowful experience and a careful study of the game in its home. The illustrations of positions are from instantaneous photographs of Willie Dunn, son of the famous Willie Dunn deceased, contemporary of "old" Tom Morris, with whom he had many a golfing battle over Scotland's links. Dunn's form is said—by those who know—to be the very best, and we commend a study of the photographs to American golfers.

CHOOSING CLUBS.—The golfer of to-day uses more iron clubs than formerly, probably because of the substitution of gutta-percha for feather-stuffed leather balls, but more largely on account of the ingenuity of manufacturers, that has provided different-shaped heads for different "lies" of the ball. Then, too, experience has taught that certain situations require heavier and stiffer clubs for the best work. Really good clubs are hard to get, and the beginner will do well to trust their purchase to some one who is experienced. They must not be too heavy, else they overbalance the player, but the shafts should be stiffish and of hickory, which is commonly used and the best. Orange wood and ash have been employed, but neither is so good as hickory. The heads of the wooden clubs should be of beech; other woods are harder, but it is not well to have it so, as the driving quality is lessened thereby. Remember, the more the face is laid back on all your clubs, the higher they will loft the ball. Straight-faced drivers and brassies drive farther and tend to more accurate play. Do not use extreme clubs of any kind; choose the one that experience has taught is the best for the play, and if you do your part properly the club will do the rest. There is somewhat of a fad among inexperienced players to buy, for large sums, clubs that professionals have used; but it is a futile extravagance; you may get just as good ones if you use judgment in their selection. The number of different clubs put on the market of late years is considerable, and new patents are constantly being taken out, but, as a matter of fact, seven are all any one needs, viz., driver, brassy, cleek, iron, lofter, mashie, putter.

FRONT VIEW—BEGINNING OF HIGH-LOFTING STROKE.

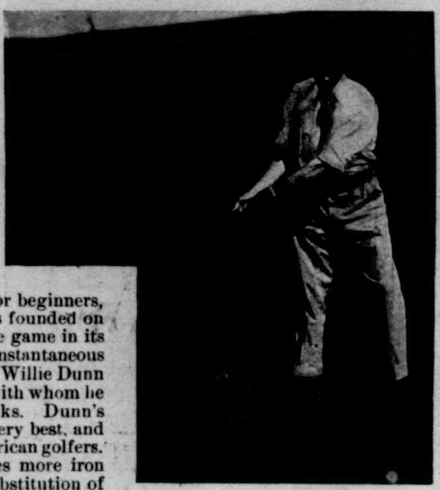
FRONT VIEW—FINISH OF HIGH-LOFTING STROKE.

Willie Dunn uses only six—driver, brassy, cleek, iron, lofter, niblick—and putts off the cleek. On the other side, as a rule, first-class golfers use seven—driver, brassy, cleek, iron, lofter, mashie, and wooden putter; they use the last for ten-yard putts or over, and under that distance the cleek.

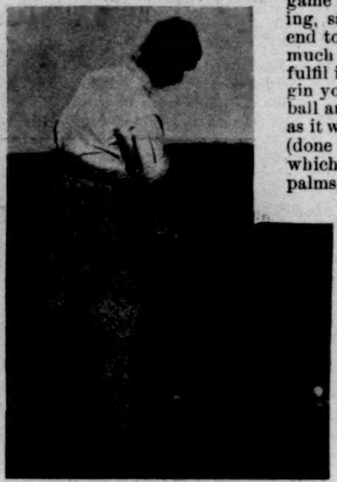
Driver.—Wooden club used off the tee, and thereafter whenever the lie is good enough. There are two kinds—straight-faced and bulgers; the latter, from the oval conformation of the head, are more difficult to handle, but, if you hit true, are better for straight driving. Beginners had best use straight-faced ones until they are absolutely certain of hitting where they aim. The bulger is only for the skilled player. Pick out a stiffish club, and execute the waggle to see how it feels in the hands—it should have a pronounced pliability down towards the head.

Brassy.—Wooden club, soled with iron, to be used where the lie of ball is not good enough for driver or the distance is less than full drive. It should be shorter and stiffer of shaft, and more laid back in face to raise the ball.

Cleek.—Iron club used for worse lie than brassy and shorter distance. Beginners are apt to use it for all driving, which is a mistake. If you cannot handle the regular driver (also a mistaken basis to start from, because you should persevere until you can manage it), have one made with shorter and stiffer handle. It is bad to begin your driving off iron. The cleek should be shorter than brassy,



FRONT VIEW—BEGINNING OF FULL SWING FOR DRIVING—CORRECT POSITION.



BACK VIEW—BEGINNING OF FULL SWING FOR DRIVING—INCORRECT POSITION.

and shaft stiffer. Choose thick heads, always remembering what is gained in loft is lost in distance. The blade is narrower than that of the lofter or iron; in fact, it has the straightest face next to putter.

Iron.—Shorter and stiffer shaft, and face more laid back than cleek. Is used for shorter distances than that club, and for playing out of long grass or what is called a bad lie. There are three kinds—driving, lofting, and heavy. Choose a medium one, with face not too straight nor too much laid back.

Mashie.—Compromise between iron and niblick, and has come to be used very generally now in place of the latter. Shorter and stiffer than iron, face laid farther back. Used for shorter strokes and for getting out of bunker, rut in road, long grass, or very bad lie. Beginners had better stick to iron, as the face of mashie, and especially of niblick, is so small as to require accuracy in hitting, though they pitch the ball deader.

Lofter.—Face most laid back of all the clubs. Used by experienced players with great skill in pitching ball dead on approach shot. Used largely for getting out of sand and over hazards; generally where it is desired to raise the ball in its flight.

Putter.—There has always been considerable controversy over the relative merits of the iron and wooden putter, and some of the old Scotch school have never become reconciled to the more modern metal. It is very generally conceded, however, by first-class players that wooden is best for long putts, and iron for short ones. The latter is a trifle laid back, and puts a drag on the ball, making it run off closer to the ground. When you become a veteran you can use metal for short putts, and add a wooden one to your clubs for long ones.

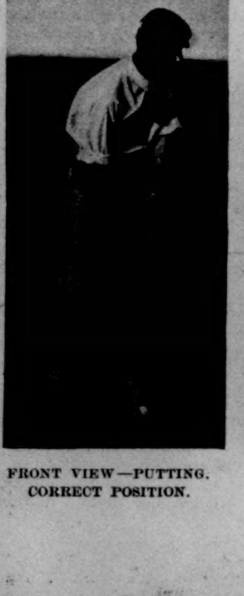
CORRECT POSITION OF FEET IN HIGH LOFTING.

HOLDING CLUB.—Do not grip the club tightly, nor yet loosely; the dividing line is narrow but distinct. You should feel the shaft with fingers and palm more firmly with left than right hand. Have the hands close together, the right in front of left; remember that every inch separating them means yards off the flight of ball. A loose grip argues uncertain driving; too tight with right hand, a tendency to slice the ball. Mr. Hutchinson and Willie Dunn advise both thumbs over the club, the left a trifle more so than right.

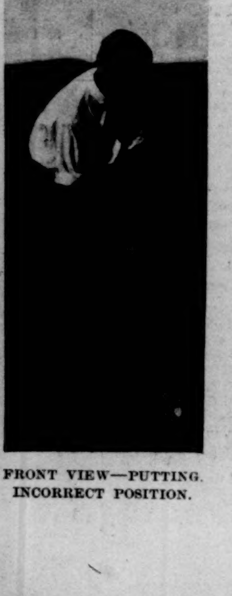
ADDRESSING THE BALL.—It would take a chapter alone to comment on the many different styles of addressing, and as it is not a matter of great importance it would be space wasted. There is altogether too much made of this incident to driving. A certain amount of it is good, but too much is—not precisely bad, but rather fatiguing—to your opponent, for instance. The waggle is the beginning of the address, and betrays the player's temperament as no other feature of any game does. It may be menacing, solemnly warning, sanguine, nervous, phlegmatic—there is no end to individual manœuvre, which may promise much in preliminary flourish, but not necessarily fulfil it. It has its usefulness, however. You begin your address by placing the club back of the ball and carrying it over and forward, to take aim as it were; then you follow with the waggle proper (done by the wrists) as a sort of warming up, in which you feel the club with your fingers and palms, and the ground with the balls of your feet.

It is well to remember about feeling the ground with your feet; the novice is apt to become lost amid the flourish and forget to stand firmly on the ground, thus losing balance at the stroke. Always, after your flourish, place the club behind the ball, resting it an instant before the final sweep. Never swing at the ball from your flourish. In fact, beginners ought to make no flourishes; carry your club forward in the direction you intend driving, rest it back of the ball, and then swing. Flourishing is disconcerting to the tyro.

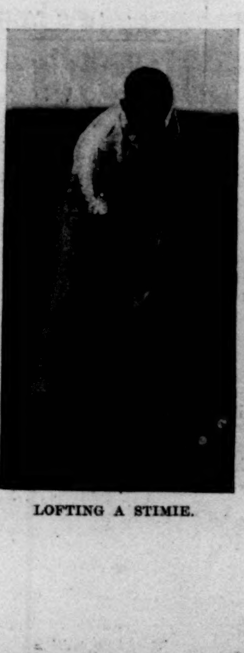
DRIVING Treatises go into mathematical niceties over the correct position in driving, such as to confuse the beginner. The chief thing for him to remember is to stand square to the ball; left eye, hands, club, and ball all in a vertical line, at right angles with proposed line of ball's flight; weight on left leg; feet 18 inches apart, and right one about two inches behind left; hands holding club just inside left knee (this is true of position in all strokes). Your distance from ball will be correct if, with the heel of club at ball, the end of shaft should touch left knee of



FRONT VIEW—PUTTING. CORRECT POSITION.



FRONT VIEW—PUTTING. INCORRECT POSITION.



LOFTING A STIMIE.

THE WAGGLE.

FRONT VIEW—GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER.

player as he stands upright. Incidentally, remember, as distance for stroke decreases, have the ball nearer right toe.

The closer the feet the freer the swing, but if too close, the driving is apt to be weakened and inaccurate; with feet far apart, the player becomes stiffened, shortening the drive, though gaining great power. In the swing, bear in mind that as your club goes up so it will come down; slow up swing, relatively speaking, is a *sine qua non* of fine driving. Regard the left arm as part of the club, and keep it taut. The greatest amount of practice is necessary to allow arms to swing well away, and yet bring them down and in, for the club must be travelling in the intended flight of ball when brought down. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, whose Badminton volume is far and away the most complete, instructive, and interesting of anything published on the game, explains this point clearly thus: Take a spot on the ground, and then draw away your club. You will find the only way to extend the proposed line of flight, *backward*, is to straighten out the arms well; if you bend them, you find the head of club leaving the line. In the up swing, left arm should rest comfortably across chest, slightly bent at elbow; do not pause at top of swing; increase speed as you bring club downward, and get in your power when about 18 inches from the ball.

FRONT VIEW OF FEET FOR DRIVING—CORRECT POSITION.

At the moment of hitting the ball you must be in precisely the same position as at the time of addressing it. This is the difficulty of golf, and can only be acquired by patient, persistent practice. There is no short-cut to golfing success. Remember to *sweep* away the ball, a sort of scythe motion; the beginner is likely to think only of hitting it; never jerk your club except in bunker or similar hazard. Do not tighten up when you strike the ball, nor try to knock it out of sight. Be easy, follow the ball with your club, and keep your feet on the ground. Hit fairly, clearly, firmly, not wildly.

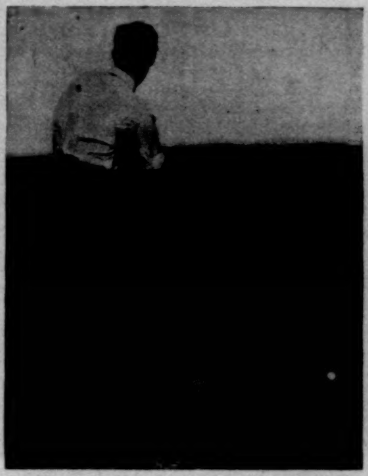
Do not bother about too much detail at first. A beginner is likely to ask and be given no end of confusing and oftentimes worthless advice. He should seek competent counsel, and should then follow it, bearing in mind he must practise for weeks and months before he will have any form. He is apt to do better the first few times he plays, when he has no thought of style, and is intent only on whacking the ball, than a little later. Golf is learned by imitation largely, and it is likewise, more than any other game, full of mimics. It is not good to become one of the latter, because mannerisms are not of the slightest value, and are to be avoided. Watch good form; try to attain a free style, and practise with that end constantly in view. It is not possible, of course, for all men to have the same style. A very heavy man cannot expect to get the swing and freedom of a more athletically built one. Each player has a style that, starting (or at least it should start) from the one basis, is the reflection of the age at which he began, and of himself physically and mentally.

There is a great deal of buncombe about the waggle and style, the importance of both being greatly exaggerated. What the beginner need concern himself about is to get accuracy; keep the club travelling in the direction of the ball after the strike, and follow with the body; get the shoulders into the sweep, the entire body, in fact; bear weight on left leg at the address, transferring it to right on up swing, and again to the left as the ball is swept away. Let the lifting of knee and left heel on up swing be incidental to the swing, *i.e.*, you must not set out to do it—it will come in season. Stand steady, feeling the ground with your feet, keep direction of swing right, and the eye *always* on the ball. Above all, keep your mind on the business of the moment; think of what you are trying to do; beginners are inclined to fancy golf so simple as to require no special mental application. Never play weakly; remember the length of swing and not strength of sweep regulates carry of the ball. Use weaker clubs instead of making weaker effort. A full shot is the full swing; three-quarter shot, shoulders do not turn, work being done by arms, legs, and hips; half shot, use arms from elbow-joints only; quarter shot is chiefly made by wrists.

Concentrate your efforts on learning to get the swing (no matter whether you hit the ball or not at first, hitting is of small importance compared with getting the swing properly), to drive straight; play out of a bad lie and loft out of a hole. When you can do these things in some degree of form you may call yourself a golfer. It is not enough to learn to drive. You must drive straight, that is important, else you get off the course, and lose considerably. This is where the value of accuracy makes itself apparent. Remember the injunction not to use the cleek for driving, and remember also, if you do, that the "divots" (sods) you cut out should be replaced at once. Practise with the driver until you master it—in fact, make it a point to take that club which puzzles you and work with it until you control it.

Most golf play is made up of driving, iron play, and putting, and of these driving is the most pleasing. Iron clubs are much the best for approaching the putting green, and you should endeavor always to lay your ball dead.

An approach shot is one within sixty yards of the green, and it is difficult play. Only your instructor can give you the practical instruction that is needed here. But bear in mind that in all iron shots you play off your right foot—*i. e.*, right foot in advance (whereas in driving left foot is in advance), weight cn left leg—ball distant the length of club to left knee, as in driving, and on a line that would run about midway between feet.



BACK VIEW—BEGINNING OF FULL SWING FOR DRIVING—CORRECT POSITION.

FRONT VIEW—BEGINNING OF FULL SWING FOR DRIVING—INCORRECT POSITION.

BACK VIEW—ENDING OF FULL SWING AFTER DRIVE—CORRECT POSITION.

FRONT VIEW—ENDING OF FULL SWING AFTER DRIVE—INCORRECT POSITION.

BEGINNING OF HALF IRON SHOT. CORRECT POSITION.

ENDING OF HALF IRON SHOT. CORRECT POSITION.

Putting is the least interesting and very important, though many ignore, or rather slight it, because of the difficulty, which is greater than in driving. Many a game has been won on the green. Practise long and carefully, but be sure you have a well-balanced club. Hit smoothly without jerk. Putt with the wrists. Let the club work from them, in fact, as a pendulum. Assume a position from which you can best send the putter straight as it meets the ball. Stand open, half facing hole, weight slightly on left leg, right foot in advance, ball equal distance between feet. In short putts of three or four yards and less, rest right elbow on thigh; be sure of the *exact* spot on putter that will hit the ball; hold club with both hands equally, and always "be up"—*i. e.*, putt strong enough to reach the hole. It is better to pass it than not strong enough to reach it.

The pleasure of golf depends very considerably on the quality of ground. Your links must not be too easy, nor yet too difficult, and the carries (distances from tee over bunker) should not be too long, so that the medium driver may have a chance. There should be plenty of hazards, so arranged that every hole is guarded. In fact, for good golf a difficulty should be put in the way of every shot. Putting greens (and our American ones, generally speaking, are very poor) should be about thirty yards in diameter, and the hole ought to be moved when worn. Greens should be absolutely clear of obstruction and as smooth as possible. I mention this because so many that are planning home-made links seem to think the green should have its share of trials. There is tribulation enough on the green without increasing it by hazards. In building bunkers throw up the ground on the farther side, so the excavation becomes part of the hazard; the bunker should slant from the player (not straight-faced), and the bank be wide.

FRONT VIEW OF FEET FOR DRIVING—INCORRECT POSITION.

I follow with a few definitions in reply to the many letters received on the subject. *Links* is the course of holes—18 being the regulation, but 12 is the largest number on any links in America, though Shinnecock intends lengthening its 12 to 18. *Tee*—starting-point. *Caddie*—generally speaking, the boy that carries your clubs—on the other side, however, he is often counsellor and father-confessor. To *foozle* or *duff* a shot means to bungle it. *Topping*—not hitting well behind the ball. *Slicing*—bringing club down with a cut instead of squarely. *Heeling*—hitting ball with heel of club. *Toeing*—hitting with toe. *Fore* is called at the time of driving to warn players in front of you.

Two holes up means you are leading the opponent by two holes. *Dormie*—when you are leading your opponent by as many holes as there are left to play, so that were he to win all remaining, he could only tie you; for instance, if you were two up and two to play.

Stimie is the situation where your opponent's ball is between yours and the hole, and more than 6 inches separating the two balls. You are obliged to loft over it; if the balls were within 6 inches of each other you could remove opponent's ball while you played.

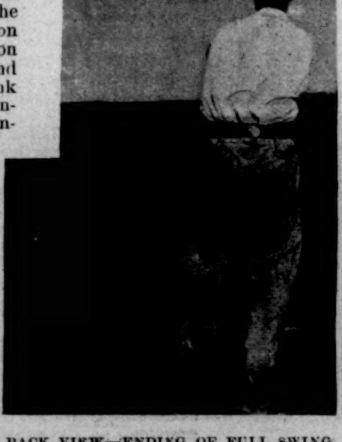
He whose ball is behind always plays first.

Those on putting green are entitled to hole out before following ones play up to it.

Players in front are each entitled to second shot before following players tee off.

Do not talk while player is making his shot. Keep away 5 to 6 yards, and stand at side—never behind.

Never go on green while others are playing there. A four



BACK VIEW—ENDING OF FULL SWING AFTER DRIVE—INCORRECT POSITION.

FRONT VIEW—ENDING OF FULL SWING AFTER DRIVE—CORRECT POSITION.

ADDRESSING BALL FOR DRIVE—CORRECT POSITION.

some (4 players) is entitled to pass twosome (2 players) on the links, and both to pass threesome. All of which must read ridiculously simple to golfers; but the newness of the game in this country warrants its publication for beginners.

Finally, get the St. Andrews (Scotland) club rules and abide by them. There is a tendency on the part of the average player to petty infringement which should not be tolerated. To play three rounds a week is good; more than four is not advisable; but whenever you play, never fail to watch your swing; it is most important; and always keep your eye on the ball once you start to play it.

AMATEUR SPORT

OF PRINCETON'S CHAMPION ELEVEN, Wheeler and Taylor (guards), Lea and Holly (tackles). Brown and Trenchard (ends), and Ward and Morse (half-backs) have all returned to college. The vacancies are Balliett at centre, King at quarter-back, and Blake at full-back, and of these the greatest loss is King.

It is safe to say Princeton will not soon again have another such quarter-back, who, while being one of the best all-round men on the field, exerted a steadying influence on the team of incalculable value. Balliett was a good centre, but it is not impossible his place may be filled with equal satisfaction this season by Riggs, if he sustains the family reputation; and as good a full-back as in '93 is pretty certain to be developed. Princeton, indeed, begins the year stronger than in any previous one within my recollection.

The football spirit at Princeton is very keen, and candidates are numerous. Of last year's scrub and 'varsity substitutes there are at work Crowdis (centre), Rhodes (guard), Church and Williams (tackles), Thompson, Smith, and Johnson (ends), Poe and Reynolds (quarters), Voorhis, Barnett, Rosengarten, McCormick, Hearn, Edwards, and Derr (half-backs), and Bert and Tyler (full-backs). The new candidates are quite as numerous.

With the exception of quarter, centre, and full-back, it is not so much a question of developing 'varsity players as substitutes, since there is not one chance in a hundred that any show up in form equal to the tackles and guards of last year's eleven.

Among these substitute candidates probably the most promising is Rhodes for guard, who is built on the Wheeler plan, and plays an aggressive fast game, breaking through and tackling well.

FOR THE REGULAR CENTRE there will be an interesting struggle between Riggs and Crowdis. The latter has had more experience, but plays too much after the manner of Symmes, the old centre. Riggs has many of the good qualities of his brother Jesse, and is an ideal build for the position, weighing 205 pounds. It looks at this time as though he should succeed in getting the place.

There is good though green material for substitute tackle; Andrus played on his class team, and is putting up a fairly good game; Armstrong, however, is doing the better; while Gilmore shows promise. The remainder of the candidates are really outclassed.

Of the candidates for end, Cochran of Lawrenceville is best. He appears to have a thorough knowledge of the game, gets down the field well, and blocks in first-class shape, while his breaking up of interference is very fair. His chief fault is in playing too careful a game. Of the others, Smith and Thompson are very promising, the latter having had a year's experience.

QUARTER-BACK IS THE PUZZLING POSITION to Captain Trenchard. Poe is the best of the candidates, and, except that he is slow, answers the purpose in every respect. Reynolds is plucky, but, weighing only 125 pounds, entirely too light. Trenchard is himself evidently preparing to fill the position in case of not developing a satisfactory man.

It is decidedly a question whether Trenchard would strengthen his team by going to quarter; his quality of end play is unexcelled and known. Quarter play is an entirely different sort of game, and one in which he is inexperienced. It is not probable he can develop a candidate who will fill the end so satisfactorily as he would; and in the style of game of to-day much depends on the man at the end. However, a couple of weeks more will give us a little clearer understanding of the situation, though it looks now as though the team would lose more at end than it could gain at quarter.

It is not likely Princeton will develop a half-back that can replace either Morse or Ward, and efforts will be concentrated on substitutes in case of accident. Of these, McCormick has been showing up very satisfactorily in the last few days of his practice, and next to him Rosengarten has made great improvement, and is likely to make the race for choice pretty close. But Rosengarten's great fault is his likelihood of becoming careless; he runs well, but his tendency to fumble the ball and not take advantage of his openings is well remembered of his last year's play. McCormick runs too high, though very fast, and fumbles a bit—a natural fault so early in the season.

Burt and Tyler are the full-back candidates, and of these the former seems to be the choice just at present. Both are slow at kicking, but Burt hits the line harder and interferes with more skill than Tyler, and is a faster runner. The team has shown some very good practice work, and a great deal that was very poor, though one cannot expect a great deal in the first couple of weeks of the season.

Princeton will not lack for coaching material this year, having perfected a system with a full complement of coaches, including George for centre, Riggs and Janeway for guards, Lewis and Cash for tackles, Bovaird and Hodge for ends, Poe for quarter, Spicer and Bergen for halfs, and Homans, Lewis, and Ames for full-back, with King as chief coach, and Moffat, Edwards, and Harris as able advisers. Altogether, one may say that Princeton begins the year with the best of prospects, but never before has it been so necessary to beware of the fatal tendency to over-confidence.

WHEN PRINCETON DEFEATED YALE last Thanksgiving, that magnificent Nassau rush line laid out a particularly thorny path for Yale's veteran forwards of this season, for the invariable expression heard at New Haven nowadays, in the discussion of these men and prospects, is, "But —— of Princeton 'played horse' with him last year." It is the usual fate of a defeated team, but in this instance the effect is even more marked because of the confidence begotten by the Harvard victory. Therefore, there is every prospect of a decided "shake up" among the old players in the line. Coaches and captains are inclined to exaggerate such a feeling for the sake of making the men work harder, and I do not imagine more than one or two will lose their places, although there *is* pretty certain to be some shifting. All the old men are back, and with the exception of the two ends, Greenway and Captain Hinkey, and half-back Thorne and full-back Butterworth, about all of them have most formidable rivals. Hickok and McCrea at guards are both nervous about Brown, who is regarded a hard man in a close struggle. Stillman at centre has been sufficiently afraid of Cross to come back in the best condition he has ever shown. Murphy has been late in returning to college, and both he and Beard must take some hard coaching or run the risk of having Murray or Whitcomb, two new men, make their places. Armstrong is, in fact, the only one of the entire '93 team to be out of it this year; his crew captaincy will fully occupy his time.

THE SUMMER PRACTICE, WISELY SO, WAS SHORT and late, the following men having been kept for a fortnight in September at Travers Island: Hinkey, Jerrems, Fincke, Cross, Redington, Lee, Morris, and Dewitt. Butterworth, Thorne, and Adee worked at Harrisburg under Vance McCormick, and returned in time to join the others for a day or two before college opened.

This preliminary work revealed the catching of punts to be really the greatest weakness of the old as well as the new men, and that not only skill but confidence was sadly lacking. The past records of the new candidates may be briefly summed up as follows: Jerrems and Fincke were members of last year's Freshman team, the former a half-back and the latter captain and quarter; Cross and Morris were both substitutes on the 'varsity last year, the former as a lineman at guard and the latter as a quarter; Redington, Lee, and Dewitt are half-backs, Lee having never come out to any extent except as a kicker, while the other two have been tried and tested as runners. Dewitt was regarded fully as promising as Thorne when both played on their Freshman team two years ago, but he dropped out of it altogether last season, and is hardly expected to show the same form again until after several weeks of practice. Redington played on the scrub team, and last spring was substitute on the ball nine, and thus has kept in good condition.

SO MUCH FOR PAST RECORDS. As to their present promise and performance: Brown is not playing so well as he did toward the end of last season, when several of the coachers were in favor of giving him a place on the 'varsity. He is being given alternate tries at guard, and faces one or the other of the old men when played on the 'varsity. He was used in the Trinity game, and put up a fairly good front the second half. In the first half he wandered a great deal. Cross faces Stillman very well, is bigger than he was last year, but not in very good condition. Chadwick, who was counted upon as a promising man for tackle, is so slow that guard appears much more in his line, and Hinkey has been trying him there. Holcomb was a substitute tackle last season, and has not yet been out. Judd, another substitute, has lately been tried, but does not look heavy enough for the position.

Among the new men, the wonderful "finds" of the season, the really good ones are, as usual, very scarce. Letton, Marks, Whitcomb, Murray, Mills, and Rogers are the choice of the lot thus far. Of these, Letton is the Andover man who did so well for his school team last year, and he is putting in some good work on the Freshman field, together with Mills and Rogers, both "prep" school players of promise. Gillette is another half-back candidate with speed, but limited knowledge of football.

Up to date Marks and Whitcomb have been the leaders of the dark-horse element. Marks is a Senior who has never played enough to attract attention, but his practice work gave him a chance to be tried at half in the Trinity game, where he twice advanced the ball over fifty yards through a thick field. He is a rather light man for the place, but his dash carries him, and he seems to have plenty of pace when needed. Whitcomb has thus far filled Murphy's place at tackle. He is a thick-set man, but of no great experience, this being his first year. He is not fast enough to really hold the place, but may improve in that respect. Redington is, from his kicking, likely to have a chance to be tried as full-back, as will Jerrems, who is, however, slow. Fincke will go in with Morris and Adee at quarter, but he will have to do great work to make the competition close. Morris and Adee are both good. It's hard to say now which one will show the better; it might be either, and cause no surprise.

AT HARVARD THE FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS, in my estimation, with the greatest promise, despite the fact that there is less "star" material than for three years. It is true that the team has lost Lewis, Newell, Acton, and Stephenson, and that there is a chance of Mackie and Waters not playing, but never before has Harvard begun with an established system, and with all the coaches agreed on the plan of campaign.

What this means is well understood by university men. Harvard's great fault in years past has been the lack of harmony among those competent to coach the players. Even should Captain Emmons never distinguish himself in the future, his year will always be remembered as the one in which Harvard's coaches finally got together. The present encouraging condition, too, is due in no small measure to the level-headedness of Emmons himself, who has been most persistent in bringing about the present state of affairs.

Harvard's football committee is composed of Dr. W. A. Brooks, Robert Bacon, and Lorin Deland, and the coaching of the year will devolve upon Brooks, Crosby, Cranston, Lewis, Hallowell, the two Traffords, Willard, and, later on, Cumnock, who thus early in the season have decided on the plan to be pursued. Nor is this all of the good things that have come to pass at Cambridge. The training of the eleven —*i.e.*, the physical preparation of the men, will be under the supervision of James Lathrop, than whom no more competent trainer is to be found in this country. Thus, to one who looks beyond the present year, the season at Cambridge opens most encouragingly. It makes no difference whether they win or not, Harvard has at last started off right, and on a course that in time will give her a share of victories.

CAPTAIN EMMONS WILL HAVE THE DIFFICULT TASK of building up practically a new rush line, unless Waters and Mackie finally decide to play; for so far, with the exception of Shaw, '97, no new men have shown promise of much strength.

Emmons, if his ankle permits, will take his old place at left end, with Richardson as substitute. Hallowell has been playing at left tackle, and is doing fairly well. Manahan has been moved into left guard, while Shaw, '97, is at centre with Shaw, '98, as his right-hand man. These three have been playing an average defensive game in the centre, and it is, of course, very early in the season to criticise.

The position of right tackle is a very open one. Gould has been playing there, but as yet no man has given evidence of ability to thoroughly fill the place. A. Brewer, at right end, gives good promise, and will without doubt be able to fill the position if he works as a man should.

The competition for quarter-back is close. Beale, Fairchild, Wrenn, and Borden are all candidates, and every one of them does well. Much, however, will depend upon their work in the next two weeks as to which will be the chosen one. At present the advantage is slightly in favor of Beale, with Wrenn very close to him. I expect much from the latter.

CHARLIE BREWER IS PLAYING HIS GAME for all there is in him, with Writhington and Gray as his two companions behind the line. Dunlap is not attracting so much attention, although he does well at times. Of the new material, none has shown especial fitness for half-back positions. If Stephenson had been allowed to play, he would, without doubt, have made a very close contest for full-back.

It is not possible that Harvard will be able to fill the hole left by Lewis at centre. Such players are not made every year. Nor will the centre, generally speaking, be so strong as last year's, from present prospects, unless Mackie and Waters come out. If Mackie should play, he and Shaw, '97, would fill the guards as well as they were filled last year. Waters should unquestionably play at tackle. He is eminently fitted for that position, being fast and strong.

With Manahan and Hallowell to struggle for the other tackle, and Emmons at one end and A. Brewer at the other, there is no reason why the Harvard team should not be as strong as it was last year, always excepting, of course, the place Lewis filled. The two guards will have more to do this year than they had last, and it will be well for them in practice to bear it in mind. Should the line be made as strong as last year, it will probably show up to a great deal better advantage, since there is not likely to be a repetition of the misdirection which signalized 1893.

So far this season the eleven has shown good defensive work, but the offensive play is much below the average of other elevens of recent years at the same time of the season. Captain Emmons is putting considerable life into his men, but it is perfectly plain that unless the candidates themselves do the hardest kind of work he will be unable to bring out more than an average eleven. It is hardly necessary to say an average eleven will not have much of a chance with Yale.

PENNSYLVANIA OPENS THE SEASON with the same strong combination behind the line as they had last year, but with all but two of their old forward places to fill. Material, however, is plentiful, though heavy men are scarce, and of the twenty-two men that spent six weeks at Broadwater but two were Freshmen, the balance being last year's 'varsity substitutes and class teams. Pennsylvania's weakness last year was in the line; and with a new centre, both tackles, and both ends to make this year, Captain Knipe and coach Woodruff have no sinecure.

The most likely men for centre just at present are Bull and Hancock, both of the crew. The former, being the stronger, seems to have the preference at present, and is an earnest and hard worker; he is a bit light, however, weighing 175 pounds, and it remains to be seen whether he can develop skill enough to offset that failing.

Wharton and Woodruff, the only candidates approaching two hundred pounds, will very likely again play at right and left guards respectively.

Wagonhurst and Minds, also of the crew, are likely candidates for tackles, though the latter may be displaced by Off, who is temporarily laid up with an abscess of the foot. In this event Minds will probably find a position at right end. He is a Senior, though this is really his first try at the game; but is active and of sufficient weight (175 pounds), and is quite a promising candidate. Wagonhurst and Off were substitutes last year. Both are strong, but slow. Lucas and Stewart are also tackle candidates.

There are a number of candidates for end, though no one of them thus far gives promise of being up to the best Pennsylvania has had of recent years. Rosengarten, a brother of the Princeton half-back candidate, stands a very good chance of making left; he is fast and a good tackler—comment also applicable to Newton, though the latter is not likely to play, his studies demanding all his attention. Upton, one of the ends in the Princeton game last year, is again trying for a place, but is hard pressed by Dixon and McKeever, both fast runners and good tacklers, though very light.

THE TENDENCY OF THE PRESENT GENERATION of football captains to go to quarter reveals itself again in Captain Knipe. So far as passing and tackling are concerned, it is doubtful if Knipe can play the position at quarter better than Williams, substitute of '93 eleven. Knipe, however, believes a captain should set the pace for his team and be in every play, if possible. For this reason, as well as that he fancies he can the better direct his men from that position, he has decided to practise at quarter.

Osgood will probably fill one of the half-back positions, and Gelbert the other, while Brooke ought to be found again at the full-back; though Aiken, a junior medical who learned his football in Australia, can really outkick him for distance and accuracy; in tackling and bucking the line, however, Brooke is the better of the two.

Pennsylvania's new rules, which are being put in force, has cut down the number of candidates—Calver, Essler, Abbot, and W. Thayer being ineligible for not having kept up with their respective classes; Thornton, last year's centre, because of playing four years; Thomas, the substitute half-back and ex-captain of Exeter, falling short of the physical qualification standard; while many new men in the professional schools are debarred because of the rule requiring one year's residence at the university and successful passing of the examination upon the full term's work before being permitted to play.

The practice of the men on the first line up on home grounds was snappy and encouraging—probably the best first practice Pennsylvania has ever shown—the men being in excellent physical condition. There is evidently a manifest effort to make team-play count this year, and with Adams, H. Thayer, Schoff, Mackey, Oliver, and Thornton to assist Woodruff in coaching, Pennsylvania starts off under better auspices than in '93.

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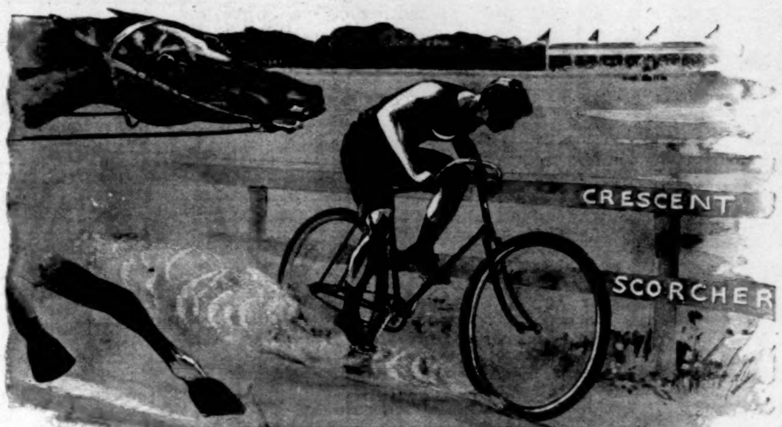

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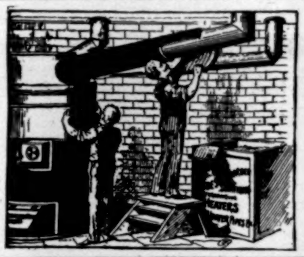

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